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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

The Old Year's Blessing.

I am fading from you,
But one draweth near,
Called the angel guardian
Of the coming year

If my gifts and graces
Coldly you forget,
Let the New Year's angel
Bless and crown them yet.

For we work together;
He and I are one,
Let him end and perfect
All I leave undone.

I brought good desires,
Though as yet but seeds;
Let the New Year make them
Blossom into deeds,

I brought joy to brighten
Many happy days;
Let him make one sunshine
And the other praise.

If I gave you sickness,
If I brought you care,
Let him make one patience
And the other prayer.

When I brought you sorrow,
Through his care at length,
It may rise triumphant
Into future strength.

If I brought you plenty,
All wealth's bounteous charms
Shall not the new angel
Turn them into alms?

I gave health and leisure,
Skill to dream and plan;
Let him make them nobler
Work for God and man.

If I broke your idols,
Showed you they were dust,
Let him turn the knowledge
Into heavenly trust.

If I brought temptation,
Let sin die aw y,
Into boundless pity
For all hearts that stray.

If your list of errors
Dark and long appears,
Let this new born monarch
Melt them into tears,

May you hold this angel
Dearer than the last—
So I bless his future
While he crowns my past.

Adelaide A. Proctor.

STORY TELLER.

MISER JOHN'S SHADOW.

A HOLIDAY STORY.

"I'll foreclose on him, of course I will!" he softly chuckled as he rubbed his hands together. "I lent him the money and he can't pay it back, and why shouldn't I take his house and lot? I'll take a walk up that way. They needn't call me an old miser, and say I'm hard-hearted. It's a straight matter of business. I lend money on a mortgage; if the money isn't repaid I'm entitled to the security. That's straight business the world over."

It was "Old John White," as every man, woman and child in the town called him. When they didn't refer to him as "Miser John," "Stingy White," or "Mean John." Men had tried to recall one kind or liberal act on his part, but in vain. Women had sought to find excuses for his selfishness and avarice, but it was a hard thing to do. If he had ever been married—if wife or child had shared his lot—no one could remember it. No man entered his gate unless in financial distress and driven to put himself in the maw of the shark. No child ever halted for an instant in front of the grim, tumbled-down building Miser John called home.

It was almost Christmas time. The winter winds were like the teeth of wolves, and now and then the light snow was caught up and whirled over street and housetop in a spiteful way. The rich shivered as they remained within.

Miser John left his cheerless home for a walk of a mile, and as the winds took hold of him he fairly gasped for breathe. His garments were old and thin and worn, but he had planned that they must do him for the winter.

"It isn't so very cold," he said to himself as he hurried along. "All this talk about the poor suffering so much is nonsense. Let 'em move around and keep their blood circulating and they will be warm enough."

He held a mortgage on the little home of Clark, the mechanic. Death had entered the man's family—sickness had come—a great factory had shut down, and left scores of men without work or wages. There was interest due as well as principal, and the day had come when the law would permit Miser John to commence proceedings of foreclosure. He was not the man to delay an hour. The misfortunes of others were nothing to him. If he owed a debt he had to pay it, if others owed him it would go hard but what he would have the amount.

"I'll just pass the house—softly pass by it," he whispered as he came near it. "There ought to be half an acre of ground there, and I want every inch of it. And I want Clark leave the house in good repair, and to be out as soon as possible. I'm not to blame that his boy died, nor his sickness, nor for the trouble at the factory. People who borrow money must pay it back."

It was lamplight as he paused in front of the house. It was a better building than he had hoped for, and the land seemed all there to the last inch. Miser John was softly rubbing his hands when he noticed an object leaning on the fence a few yards away. It did not seem solid enough for a human being, and yet what could cast a shadow in the gloom in such a place.

"It may be a robber!" he whispered. "No one has ever tried to rob me yet, but the time may have come. People hate me and would be glad to see me lose my last shilling. John White would get no sympathy here. Suppose it is an assassin! I declare if it didn't move then. I'll go home. Clark may burn the house to spite me, but if he does I'll send him to state prison if it costs me $500.

As he moved away on his route home the something followed after. He made a run across the darksome commons. It kept its distance. He slowed up as he reached a frequented street. It was no nearer to him—no farther away. Under the gaslight it disappeared entirely, but as he entered upon his own dark street, lo! the something was nearer to him than before. He heard no footsteps on the walk except his own. There was no word or rustle of garments as they entered the gate side by side and passed to the door. There was no presence beside him, and yet there was. It was nothing, and yet was something. He was awed and frightened, but at the door he turned at bay and struck out furiously and shouted:

"Back! Go away! I may be old and helpless, but I'll grapple with the strongest man and fight to the death!"

He struck only at the empty air, though the shadow was at his elbow. It took the key from his hand, unlocked the door, and he was forced to enter first. As he stood in the darkness of the room he heard the key turn in the lock again. The something was locked in with him!

"It's only some trick to scare me," he whispered; "or else my long walk in the cold has made me nervous and near sighted. As soon as I strike a match it will be gone."

A candle soon shed its light over the room, and the old man threw some fagots on the fire which was nearly dead on the hearth.

"There!" he whispered as he looked about him, "it's gone! it was some trick by the boys. They hate me and like to annoy me. Yes, it's gone."

"It's here!" answered a voice, and lo! the shadow stepped into view on the hearthstone.

In his amazement the old man was silent for a moment, and before he had found his voice the shadow—the something—said:

"I have been with you for half a century, but never before this night have you seen me."

"And—and why to-night?" asked miser John in a trembling voice.

"Because your life ends with the year! When the bells ring out the old and ring in the new you will be no more on earth. John White, what has been placed to your credit on the books of Heaven?

Why—why, I've obeyed the law, haven't I! And I never done nobody any harm. I ain't no Christian, but I've tried to live right."

"I've been with you all these long years, John White! You have been an usurer. You have let avarice triumph in your heart. Selfishness has chased all pity from your soul. The widow, the orphan and the poor and unfortunate have appealed to you in vain."

"They wanted my money!" whined the old man.

"Men have learned to hate you and children to shun you," continued the voice. "You have gold hidden away, but you have no friends. If your soul was to pass from earth to-night there is not one human being in all this world who would volunteer to toll your years upon the nearest church bell. Point me to one who is your friend. Tell me the name of one you have befriended. If you have ever done one kind act towards humanity speak of it that I may have it recorded on the books of the angel in Heaven."

The old man was silent.

"You have been an usurer of the rich—a robber of the poor. Even this night you went forth to gloat over the troubles and misfortunes of a fellow-being. Hark to the winter winds! Feel the cold as it creeps in through crack and crevice! And yet, to add a few dollars to your hoard you would turn helpless children ont of door!"

There was never a word from the shivering, trembling man who crouched over the dying fire.

"And this is the last week of your life," whispered the voice. "You will die here in your bed, and it may be days and days before men miss you and enter this grim old house and find you dead. Your hoard of gold will buy you a coffin, a shroud and a grave, but there will be no mourners. Children will even rejoice that you are gone?"

With head in his hands, and his half-closed eyes looking into fire, the old man remained silent for a long, long time. By and by he lifted his his head with a sudden start of surprise, and the something was gone. He called out to it, he searched the dark corners, but it had silently disappeared.

It was the day before Christmas. Clark, the mechanic, entered Miser John's house with fear and trembling. He came out wiping the tears from his eyes and his face illuminated with the great joy of his heart; Miser John had cancelled the mortgage. Others came and went with the same feelings. The widowed and the fatherless in a dozen homes were made glad by presents of food and fuel, and men whispered to each other as they passed: "Isn't it curious: Miser John has gone crazy!"

When the sextons stood in the churches to ring the requiem of the dying year, and then to peal the deep-toned bells to welcome in the new, men came to them and said:

"When that is done you must toll the death of Mi-er John. He died an hour ago."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Old and New Year.

As the midnight hour drew nigh, the Old Year stood before me. Weary and wayworn he seemed, and in his hands was an hour glass, whence the last sands were falling. As I looked upon his wrinkled forehead memories both pleasant and mournful came over me. I spoke earnestly to him:

"Many blessing hast thou brought me, for which I gave thee thanks. New have they been every morning, and fresh every evening. Thou hast indeed from my heart's garden uprooted some hopes I planted there. With their clustering buds they fell, and were never quickened again."

"Praise God for what I gave and what I took away," he said, "and lay up treasures in heaven, that thy heart may be there also. What thou callest blighted hopes are of times changed into the fruits of righteousness."

But I answered: "Thou hast also hidden from my sight the loved and the loving. Clods are strewn upon their faces; they reply to my call no more. To the homes they made fair they return not, and the places that once knew them know them no more forever."

Still he said: "Give praise to God. Your lost are with him. They have preceded you. None can drift beyond his love and care." Then his voice grew faint, and he murmured, "My mission unto man is done. For me the stone is rolled away from the door of the sepulchre. I will enter in and slumber with all the years of the past forever."

And he straightened himself out to die. As I knelt by his side I said, "Oh, dying year, dear, dying dear, I see a scroll beneath thy mantle. What witness shall it bear of me when Time for me is done?"

Low and solemn was his voice: "Thou shalt know when the book of the universe is opened."

The midnight clock tolled, and I covered my face and mourned for his death, for he had once been my friend. I remembered with pain how often I had slighted his warnings, neglected the golden opportunities of growth he had given me, and cast away the precious hours he had been so generous with, and I buried my face and wept. While I again lifted up my head, lo! the New Year stood in the place of the Old.

Smiling, he greeted me with good wishes and words of cheer. But I was afraid; and when I would have returned his welcome my lips trembled and were silent.

Then he said: "Fear not. I come from the great source of all good, whence come all good gifts."

Trembling, I asked: "New Year, whither wilt thou lead me? Art thou appointed to bring me joy or sorrow, life or death?"

Looking with glowing eyes into the untrodden future, he replied: "I know not. Neither doth the angel nearest the throne know; only He who sitteth thereon. Give me your hand and question not. Enough for thee, that I accomplish His will. I promise thee nothing. Follow me and be content. Take, with a prayer for wisdom, his winged moment. The next may not be mine to give, yet if we walk onward together, forget not that thou art a pilgrim for eternity. If I bring thee a cup of joy be thankful, and be pitiful to those who mourn; let all men be pitiful to those who mourn. If the dregs of bitterness cleave unto thy lips be not too eager to receive relief, lest thou betray the weakness of thy faith. God's perfect discipline giveth wisdom. Therefore count those happy who endure. When morning breaketh in the east, gird thyself for thy duties with a song of thanksgiving, and when night putteth on her coronet of stars look over the day just gone and let its failures and blunders guide thee to better things on the morrow, so that when I have no longer any days or nights to give thee, and must myself die, thou wilt bless me as a friend and a helper on the road to heaven."

How to get a Free Farm in North Dakota.

As we all know, the public land of the United States is divided into land districts. This land is surveyed and plats of the separate townships are made at the General Land Office, Washington, and sent to the land office of the particular district in which the land may be. For instance, the land office for the Devils Lake land district in North Dakota is at the town of Devils Lake, on the Devils Lake extension of the St. P., M. & M. Ry. Here is a "Register," who records the fillings made by the settlers, and keeps track of the disposal of the different lands. The "Register" takes charge of the moneys paid for public lands, and is the authority to whom proof of settlement and compliance with the land laws must be made to secure a deed from the Government, technically called "proving up." He also passes judgment on contests made for non-compliance with the requirements of the land laws. In a district of purely agricultural land, like that of Devils Lake, there are three ways in which to secure a home. By taking a "homestead," "pre-emption" or "tree claim,"—160 acres is the maximum amount that can be "filled" on in each case. A tree claim and homestead, or a pre-emption and tree claim, can be taken at the same time, but a pre emption cannot be taken before a homestead is "proved up," or *vice versa*. The pre-emption and homestead require residence to secure title. Eight years is given in which to raise ten acres of trees on a 160 acre tree claim, when a deed will be given. Thus it will be seen that ultimately 480 acres of the public domain can be secured under the operation of these laws.

Having stated the theoretical rights of our citizens under the present laws, we will show the way to apply them in practice. Thus, if a person, tired of struggling for existence on the worn and high priced lands of the East, determines to come West and "grow up" with the country, the first thing to do on arrival will be to go to the land office and get plats of townships showing the quarter sections taken, or still eligible for entry. These will cost $1 each. With these he can proceed to the locality they designate, and by the aid of the figures on the section stakes, which he can easily learn to read, can make his selection. The settlers already on the ground are very anxious to have neighbors, and will often gratuitously assist in "locating" the intending home seeker. The selection made, the land office is again visited, where the Register will supply official blanks, on which the immigrant will fill out a description of the town, range, section, and quarter where his selection may be, and make affidavit of his intention to settle on the same. These are filed with the Register, and the sum of $18.00 is paid, if the applicant decides to make it a "homestead," after which, at the expiration of five years, the Government will give a deed, without further expense, other than $8 when "final proof" is made. If a pre-emption, at "proving up," $1.25 per acre will be charged additional. In making entry of a "tree claim," $14 will be paid when "filing" is made, and a like sum at the date of final proof.

Bearing these facts in mind, there is no necessity of requiring the services of "land agents" or "locators," and other expenses than those named, are not necessary. The methods of procedure, both in finding unentered lands, and in "filing" on them, is very simple, and with a copy of the land laws, and the plats to be had at the land office, the settler can easily make his own selections.—*The Farmer, St. Paul.*

Freezing to Death.

One winter's day says Rev. James O'Neil in a lecture, reported by the Philadelphia *Times*, I left Mauch Chunk for an appointment in the mountains. In the valley the thermometer registered sixteen degrees below zero, and when I reached the plateau it touched twenty degrees below, with the wind blowing twenty miles per hour. Presently I experienced sharp, piercing pains throughout my body, and every nerve was affected. In a short time the pain ceased in the lower extremities and gradually passed upward until I was entirely free from suffering. I congratulated myself that I was getting along so nicely, and spoke encouragingly to my hardy and faithful pony. In a few moments I felt sensations of intense happiness; a thousand rainbows danced before my vision, seraphic songs of sweet melodies sounded in my ears, and I felt that I was being borne upward on wings of delight, when suddenly I felt a severe shock, and realized that I had fallen off my horse to the frozen ground. The shock of the fall recalled me partially to my senses, and I realized that I was freezing to death. I attempted to move my feet and arms, but could not. With an effort born of desperation I succeeded finally in dragging myself a few yards over the hard ground. The time occupied probably five minutes; it seemed as many weeks to me. My pony seemed to comprehend the desperate situation and came and rubbed his nose on my face; the warm breath was on my cheek. The exercise of crawling revived me a little, and I finally succeeded in getting into an upright position, leaning heavily against my pony, who started onward. After going a short distance I met the farmer and his son, who were expecting me at their home, and who, becoming alarmed at my prolonged absence, started out to see what was wrong. When I was taken into their house I swooned, and when I again awoke I was standing in a barrel of spring water and again relapsed into insensibility. I did not awaken again until next morning, when I found myself in bed with my boots on. Upon asking why this was done my host replied that he had rescued a number of men from freezing, but that I was nearer death's door than any he had ever seen, and had my boots been taken off all the flesh would have come off with them.

Thrashing by Electricity.

A novel application of electric power has just been made on the estate of the Marquis of Salisbury, at Hatfield. A gramme machine, driven by water-power half a mile distant, has been attached to a thrashing, and the result is stated to be highly successful, a regular, rapid and noiseless power being obtained, together with a great saving of cost. To effect a temporary stoppage of the machine, if necessary, it has been arranged that the current from the leads can be turned from the gramme machine into a cluster of swan lamps, so that a short break in the operations does not necessitate any communication with the source of power or stoppage of regular working, while at the same time it gives warning to the men when the current is running.—*Liverpool Courier.*

Fearless Indian Riders.

As a jockey riders the Flatheads and their relations have perhaps no equal on earth. Raised as they are from childhood, almost, on a pony's back, so to speak, it is no wonder they become superior equestrians. When preparing for a race, the young bucks skin themselves of their clothing, so as to present as little resistance to the air as possible. A Flathead jockey, mounted for business, is dressed in nothing more than a breech-clout, and perhaps a thin cotton shirt, which floats in the breeze but offers no impediment to rider or horse.

Leaning forward on their hardy little cayuses, they dash down the race course like the wind, jumping ditches and dodging trees with a precision and skill truly marvelous. The white man's race course is a flat, level stretch of ground, rolled smooth, over which the animal simply runs, while the rider has nothing much to do except hold his seat. On the other hand, an Indian will race over any kind of ground, among timber or swimming streams, combining with the simple speed of his animal individual skill and judgment in surmounting a score of obstacles, and always coming under the wire ahead. A white man seldom wins a race from an Indian, and there is no wonder for it.—*Globe Democrat.*

A Child's Gift.

"The most trifling gift is often the one to be valued most, and I have one that a king's ransom could not purchase," writes a gentleman who was once a teacher in a country school district. "I had among my pupils some years ago a singularly beautiful and winsome little girl named Mary. Her parents were dead, and she had the misfortune to live with a distant relative who made the child most unhappy by his cruel treatment. His wife was even more cruel to the helpless child, who was the most obedient and submissive of children.

"They allowed her to come to school three months during the coldest winter weather. She was always thinly clad, and I fear that her little tin lunch-pail seldom contained more than dry bread and cold potatoes.

"I tried to be very kind to her. I hope that I was.

"But I had a large school of bad boys and mischievous girls who sorely tried my patience, and who took up most of my time, even at noon and recess hours.

"Mary was shy and sensitive, making few friends, and saying nothing when certain thoughtless and heartless girls ridiculed her shabby clothes.

"She had a way of twisting her thin, white fingers together, and glancing around in a frightened, timid manner when she was thus taunted.

"I always went to the rescue as soon as I could, and am not at all sorry now because I boxed certain ears very smartly on Mary's account.

"The week before Christmas she fell ill. I went to see her every evening after school, and her gratitude for these visits shone forth in her eyes. I feared from the first that she would never be well again, and I think she felt so herself, and was not sorry. I took a few little gifts on Christmas morning, and after I had given them to her, she slipped one thin white hand up under the pillow and said:

"'I've got a little of something for for you. It ain't anything hardly. I'm most ashamed to offer it, but it will do for you to remember me by, and it's all I've got to give.'

"Her little all consisted of a small carnelian ring that could not have cost more than five cents.

"'I'd like to have you keep it,' she said in a whisper.

"And I have kept it among the things I treasure most.

"In another hour she raving in delirium.

"'I wish, I do wish they'd stop it!' she cried. 'I wish they'd not point at my old clothes so! I hate so to put them on! I wish, I do wish, I could have—new—ones—some time!'

"Before the day was done she had put on new clothes that will never wear old, nor lose their heavenly beauty; garments not fashioned by earthly hands."

Charmed Centipedes.

A curious fact connected with centipedes is worthy of relating. A young man living north a few miles had been somewhat concerned at the appearance nightly in his dugout of a great number of these unwelcome visitors. Neighbors seldom or never saw them, but he was visited to an alarming extent. He could not understand till some one learning that he was in the habit of playing on the violin, suggested that the music attracted them. He suspended the concerts and the centipedes interrupted him no more.—*Richfield (Kan.) Southwest.*

Christmas Remembrance from an Old Friend.

On Christmas, Mrs. W. H. Weeks was the happy recipient of a beautiful crazy quilt table-spread. It was most tastefully arranged and designed by Mrs. Maria Lamb, of Norwich, Conn., who is in her ninetieth year, yet as active as young woman. It is often the case that old people in their advanced years, rest from active work, but Mrs. Lamb is still as industrious as ever.

She was among the earliest pupils when the Hartford School was opened in the spring of 1817, several years before the present American Asylum was built. She was admitted as a pupil at the age of twenty. It is often claimed that persons of that age are too old to be educated, but her energy was the cause of her success at school.

On graduating, she went to work to earn her living. Her company was sought for by Mr. Geo. W. Lamb, who married her. During their wedded life, they both went to work and the possession of their own home in Norwich, Conn., was the reward of their industry and saving. Now they can pass a blissful old age in peace and quiet.

SANTA CLAUS.

Massachusetts.

On New Year's, Mrs. Michael Keating, of Cambridge, Mass., will visit her aged mother in Parkville, near Hartford, Conn., and remain there a week. Her husband has a steady situation in the painting department of the Cambridge horse-car shop.

After New Year's, Mr. Edward Duran, of Charlestown, Mass., will have a vacation. He will travel through Connecticut, and be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. ——, in Hartford. Mrs. Saddie Carroll hopes to see Mr. Duran in that city, as she has not seen him for four years. Her husband is engineering in the fire insurance building.

The evening before Christmas, Mr. and Mrs. Hathorn and Mrs. Whitney, and Misses H. Ramsey and Tilton, Edward Duran and William Carter and his girl, went to Mr. and Mrs. Parker's house in Chelsea, Mass., to have a Christmas tree, and they all had a good time.

On Christmas evening, Mr. Edward Duran went to Newton Highlands, on a pleasant visit to Miss. Abbie M. Hurley, and presented her with a nice red silk plush box, and an easel and panel to her parents. A collation was served at a late hour. Among the company was Mr. McGovern, a music teacher.

On the same day, Mr. Edward Rrberts made a pleasant visit to Miss M——, at her house in Quincy, Mass.

CHARLESTOWN, Dec. 27, 1886.

"Beau" Barnes has an adventure

Not long ago, Mr. Barnes had occasion to visit Prof. T. F. Fox at the New York Institution. Dressed in the acme of style, he arrived at about eight o'clock in the evening, and inquired of a mute whom he met where he could find the Professor. With great politeness, the boy ushered him into the library and departed for the kitchen. Soon he returned with the intelligence that Miss Fox had just gone out walking "with the other fellow." The "beau" gasped in horror, while the mischievous urchin bolted for the boys' sitting-room, where, amid roars of laughter from his hearers, he related the particulars of his prolonged search among the servants for Miss Fox and the result. To this hour, Mr. Barnes knows not whether his signs are defective, or whether the intelligence and cussedness of the Fanwood pupils have alarmingly increased since his boyhood days.

ALABAMA.

Osce Roberts, of Birmingham, Ala., made a flying trip to South Alabama on Christmas Day.

Mr. Isidore Strauss, of Montgomery, Alabama, with his friend, Osce Roberts, visited Misses Toney, of Union Springs, Ala., on the 26th ult.

Mr. J. A. Hoge, of the Alabama Institution, sold his lot in Birmingham for the round sum of ten thousand dollars last week, for which he paid $1600 some four years ago.

Birmingham, Ala., is the Chicago or Kansas City of the South, and is destined to be one of the largest cities in the south with the exception of New Orleans.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

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E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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OUR SIXTEENTH VOLUME.

IT would have seemed incredible to a deaf-mute sixteen years ago, if any one had told him that there would eventually be a deaf-mute paper organized and systematized so as to recount week after week the doings of the "silent" people throughout the United States of America. Yet such is the cheerful and inspiring fact. The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, with its twenty-eight columns, goes forth every Thursday freighted with news from almost every State in the Union. Its power and influence in matters relating to deaf-mutes is everywhere recognized. It is the most reliable organ of information, contains more news, and has a larger and wider circulation than any like paper that has ever been established or attempted. It stands to-day without a peer and without a rival. While many other deaf-mute newspaper enterprises have come into existence, languished, and eventually given up the ghost, the JOURNAL has lived and improved and continued to flourish. Through the disseminating influences of its columns, great social gatherings and conventions have been made possible and successfully and numerously been held, with the result of making the way of life more pleasant and doing much good to those who have participated. The appointments of the ministers who preach the Gospel to the deaf, have been published free of charge, so that our readers have had opportunities for meeting together to offer praise and prayer and thanks to the Giver of all good. No religious sect has been debarred the privileges of our columns for making known to its deaf-mute adherents any information that might concern them. We have made it our practice to treat all all impartially. News concerning Institutions for the instruction of the deaf has occupied a deservedly prominent place, so that former pupils have been able to learn of the happenings at the schools wherein they beheld the first rays of their intellectual life. It has been asserted by some unthinking persons, that deaf-mute papers have a tendency do make the deaf-mutes clannish, that they would be less apt to seek the society of each other to the exclusion of that of hearing people, were there no papers for the deaf. There may, at first thought, appear to be some truth in such alleged philosophy. But, let us remember that, through the deaf-mute paper, the deaf-mute learns all about the friends of his school boy days, who are scattered far and wide; he reads about his cherished *Alma Mater*, its honored and respected Principal, and the beloved teachers who led him to the fount of knowledge in days that long have fled. Only the most callous-hearted would preach and advise a forgetfulness that casts aside all interest in the ties of affection that cling to the remembrance of what has always been and will continue to be the happiest period in the life of man. Away with such base ingratitude. Because deaf-mutes love to read of the successes and triumphs of their old-time friends, because the scenes and companions of youth have an abiding place in their hearts, does not prove that they do not understand and perform the duties of life as becomes good citizens and intelligent men. Let us hear no more of the charge of "clannishness" that is based on so flimsy a fabric. It is the duty of every deaf mute to be interested in the paper that upholds them and is ever pushing them forward, that tells the world about them, what they have done and are capable of doing.

To our numerous correspondents who have aided us during the year just closed, we tender our sincere thanks, and hope they will continue be with us for many years to come. To readers, correspondents and deaf-mute friends everywhere, we extend the sincere wish that all may have "A Happy Year."

WE acknowledge the receipt of the Thirteenth Annual Report of the "Texas Deaf and Dumb Asylum." There were one hundred and forty-eight pupils present during the year. Pupils are admitted between the ages of nine and eighteen years. The period of seven years conceded to pupils is extended in cases of special aptitude, and also when necessary to prepare candidates for admission to the National Deaf-Mute College.

THE Nebraska Institution is undergoing a severe ordeal in the form of epidemic diphtheria. Two pupils have died, and a great number have gone home, though the parents of some of them preferred that their children remain, as the institution afforded better care and more skillful treatment than they could get at home. It is believed that the disease will be stamped out before the close of the holiday week.

ITEMIZER.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

Prof. W. G. Jenkins, of Hartford, Ct., had a boy-baby born to him a month ago.

John J. Bedford, of Pittsfield, Mass., whose fore-finger is much improved, will perhaps go to work in a week or two.

It is said that the Levee held in Boston on December 31st, was a success, in spite of the bad weather. A good profit was realized.

Matthew F. Cheevers, of Pittsfield, Mass., who lost the position of weaver in that place, has taken a similar position in Briggville, Mass.

There is a semi-mute employed in the Custom House in New York, named Owens. He lost his hearing from spotted fever, which he caught while working in the Navy Yard.

Dwight F. Bangs, son of ex-superintendent Bangs, of Flint, Michigan Institution, is studying at Amherst College preparatory to teach at the Faribault Institution, when he graduates in '90.

Mr. Elias P. Cripe, of Goshen, Ind., stopped at Elkhart, on his way to La Porte, where he spent his Christmas at Mr. and Mrs. Bowers in Michigan City. He called upon Mr. J. B. Bixler for a few minutes' chat.

James Elliot, of Brooklyn, has gone to Paterson, New Jersey. He expects to work in a chair factory in Binghamton, N. Y. He met the noted baseball pitcher, McCormick, of the Chicago Club. He and Kelly, the catcher, are living in Paterson, N. J.

Mr. J. F. J. Tresch, the staff artist of the *New York World* and *Star* has drawn a large picture of "New Year" for the *World* last Friday morning. It was published on the front page of the paper on New Year's day.

Prof. A. S. Clark, one of the instructors of the deaf at Hartford, received a valuable present, a few days before the visit of Santa Claus, in the shape of a boy-baby. We congratulate him upon the addition in the family.

Miss Elizabeth Mount *nee* Kerr, a graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution, died at Lewiston, Pa., on the 13th of December, 1882. It is said that her husband is in Texas. He was the Principal of the Kansas Institution and a teacher of the Arkansas School.

On the 27th ult., Mr. Oliver N. Krause, a deaf-mute, of Slatington, Pa., was in Woodstown, N. J., where he paid a visit to his schoolmate, Isaac R. Carney. He staid over one night as a guest of Mr. Carney. On Tuesday afternoon, the 28th ult., Mr. L. R. Carney, of Woodstown, N. J., received a pleasant call from Mr. Albert Myer, of Lehigh Gap, Pennsylvania.

Mr. Louis Bischof, of Crawfordsville, Ind., presented his sister, Miss Dora, with a beautiful diamond bracelet. Mr. Abe Bischof, of the same city, presented his sister, Miss Carrie, with a beautiful gold watch and chain. Miss Carrie Bischof, of Terra Haute, Ind., is going to Indianapolis, Ind., on a visit this winter, thence to to Crawfordsville, Ind., to see her sister married, and her brothers.

A Hartford, Ct., correspondent writes:—The sudden death of Prof. Geo. Wing gave us much pain. It was not only a severe blow to his family but a sad and sudden bereavement to the school with which he was connected, to those under his charge and to his friends both old and new. We remember his observing eyes, his cheerful look and his determined ways for the promotion of the deaf. In the midst of life, we are in death.

David C. Sampson, Jr., of Otisco, Ind., went to Jeffersonville, Ind., on December 24th, and visited Thomas Delanty, whom he had not seen for several years. They were classmates at the Indiana Institution. He also called on Harry Glasco, who is employed in the ship yard. Robert Gaither and Thomas Delanty are working at the coke-oven, at the car works in Jeffersonville. David enjoyed a turkey dinner with Glasco. David's speaking sister was delighted with the beautiful album and other presents which Mr. Glasco sent to her. He also gave David a nice knife and two other presents.

Miss Emma J. Proctor, of North Raymond, Me., wishes to inform her many friends that her visit in Hartford and vicinity has been a very pleasant one, indeed, and that the condition of her health is much improved. She had no idea when she left Boston over seven weeks ago, of remaining so long. This is her first visit in Hartford since graduating from the Asylum, thirteen years ago, and this accounts for her friends entertaining her so long. She thanks one and all of them for their kind hospitality to her, and for doing so much toward making her visit so pleasant and enjoyable. She expects to leave Hartford for Massachusetts some time next week.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

THE PANTOMIMES.

New Year's Day.

CULLINGS.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

On Thursday evening last, the shadow pantomime for which a great deal of preparation had been made by the committee which had the arrangements in charge, and which had been looked forward to by the students and their friends, as one of the principal events of the holidays, was given in the college chapel. The chapel was comfortably filled, some three hundred persons being present. Below we give the programme of the entertainment:

THE TRAGICAL DUEL.

Shoemaker	*H. Van Allen*
Tailor	*F. Maginn*
Old man	*W. Zorn*
Young Lady (his daughter)	*W. Beadell*
Sailor (her lover)	*F. Leitner*
Boy	*G. Leitner*

Scene—Shadowland.

THE MADCAP BARBER.

The Barber to the Man in the Moon	*C. Hemstreet*
Yankee (a visitor)	*E. P. Cleary*
Oldman	*W. Zorn*
Dude (lunar variety)	*J. O'Rourke*

Scene—Barber Shop in the Moon.

GLOVES AND COFFEE FOR TWO.

Bob Bragg	*W. Beadell*
Jim Bluster	*J. Schwirtz*
Second to Bob	*C. Hemstreet*
Second to Jim	*E. P. Cleary*
N. Slick, Police-Officer,	*T. Hagerty*

Scene—Meadow in England.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE; OR,
THE POWER OF MUSIC VINDICATED.

Dramatis Personæ.

Pluto, Monarch of——	*H. Van Allen*
Proserpina, the partner of his fireside	*L. Denison*
Charon, ferryman in ordinary,	*L. Tracy*
Cerberus, the original subject of the advice, "Cave Canem"	*G. Leitner*
Orpheus, a wandering minstrel,	*H. Hofsteater*
Eurydice, the maiden who led him astray,	*W. Beadell*

Scene—Parlor of Pluto's Palace on the Styx.

In the first pantomime, the shoemaker enters and goes to work at his bench; the tailor enters soon after and expresses that the hammering and singing of the former had disturbed his morning nap, and after roundly berating the shoemaker, goes to work at his table. Presently a boy enters, bringing a shoe to be mended. He whistles shrilly to the annoyance of the shoemaker, and perceiving this the tailor gives the boy a sixpence to continue the performance. The shoemaker enraged by the continuance of the nuisance, springs to his feet and attempts to seize the boy, who eludes him by leaping up and disappearing overhead. Satisfied at having got rid of the boy, he resumes his work, when his ears are again assailed with the sharp whistle. Leaping to his feet he shakes his fist at the place where the boy disappeared, a proceeding which is watched by the tailor with a paroxysm of laughter. He resumes his work, and the whistle is again heard and the performance repeated. The whistle is heard for a third time, and looking up quickly, he detects the tailor in the act. A pugilistic encounter appears imminent, when an old man enters, and coming between them is felled to the ground, each of the combatants accuses the other of having killed the old man. Just here his daughter enters and carries him off. Both of the young men are struck with admiration at her beauty, and both offers his love only to be refused. The father enters, and agrees to give his daughter to whichever man can show the largest sum of money. The tailor brings a bag of gold which sadly outweighs the shoemaker's slim purse, but the latter fills a bag with his tools and various articles of weight and is accepted. On the strength of this he goes off with the father in triumph. The tailor, left to himself, exhibits every sign of grief and despair, and touchingly relates his griefs to the sailor who opportunely arrives. The latter counsels a duel, and the weapons are chosen and the men stationed, when at the last moment the tailor weakens and the duel is decided, the tailor felling the shoemaker with his lap board. He then stabs himself with his shears. Enter sailor and young lady, touching reunion of two dissevered hearts, which have long beaten as one, and *exeunt* through the roof. Old man enters and roughly examines the apparent corpses, at which proceeding both arise and beat the old man with sticks, all disappearing through the roof.

The second pantomime on the programme is probably familiar to all our readers and will therefore need no description. The third pantomime represented two hard fisted youths who, having been goaded into settling their mutual difference by a prize-fight, finally, after exhausting themselves in fruitless sparring, turn upon their respective seconds, much to their discomfiture, and put them to flight. Officer Slick here appears, but the young men make their exit through the roof, much to the officer's amazement.

The last pantomime on the programme was not originally intended to be presented in shadow, but circumstances compelled a change in the programme at the last moment. This short little burlesque is but ill adapted for representation as a shadow pantomime, on account of the amount of furniture that necessarily encumbers the stage. We suppose every one is familiar with the story of how Orpheus, the musician, whom the very rocks and trees followed, "sequacious to his lyre," having lost his wife, Eurydice, ventured into the realm of Hades and by the power of his music induced Pluto to permit her to return to earth with him. According to Thursday night's version of Ovid's touching little story, Orpheus assailed the ears of the defenceless Pluto with the notes of a fish horn of diabolical shrillness, and at length, to gain peace, Pluto consented to give him his wife.

As far as we can learn, the pantomime gave general satisfaction, and the acting of the players is highly praised. The entertainment was unusually short, consuming little more than an hour and a half, but we think that it lost little by its brevity. The College has by no means lost its old reputation for skill in affairs of this description.

The New Year was ushered in in the usual manner, nothwithstanding the heavy rain that was falling. A large bonfire was built on the campus, and at twelve o'clock sharp, the tower bell rang out the new year,—first one knell, then eight, then eight again, and then seven. The students then marched around faculty row, raising the college yell before each residence. They then went over to the institution, and managed to wake up almost every one there Everybody who heard it bears witness to the general efficacy of the college yell in frightening away

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,"

from their couches.

The old house at the corner of the Seventh and K. streets, which has long borne the reputation of being haunted, although it has been occupied by a colored family which has seemed to suffer little inconvenience from the presence of the ghostly inmates, is being torn down. There was a time when only the more hardy of the students dared venture to pass immediately in front of the house, but of late years, the younger generation of students, with a levity which is so characteristic of the age, had been inclined to laugh at the suggestion that there was anything peculiar about the house, except its extreme dilapidation, and this opinion had gradually become general. However, one or two persons still habitually crossed to the other side of the street as they approached the house, and this kept alive the story of its uncanny associations.

New Year's day passed quietly. The students made quite a number of calls on acquaintances in the city. The ladies of the institution, Mrs. Prof. Chickering, and Mrs. Dr. Fay received from eleven to twelve in the morning.

Boland, '88, is spending the holidays in Pittsburg. He left Washington on Monday last

McCarthy, '87, has received his new star, and notwithstanding the coldness of the weather is out a good deal on it.

A large number of students viewed the remains of the late Senator Logan as they lay in state in the rotunda of the Capitol on Friday morning.

Prof. Chickering and his son are in New York City.

Misses Mary and Kate Avery, nieces of Miss Allen, of the Kendall School, who have been visiting her for a few days, returned to their home in Connecticut to-day.

Our esteemed cook, who has been doing much to convince us that good cookery is not rapidly becoming one of the lost arts, has been enjoying the holidays in Alexandria. The suddenness with which he took his leave and the extreme secrecy he preserved as to his whereabouts, led his anxious friends to suppose for a time that he was the man who recently threw himself into the Potomac from Long Bridge, but his return has set these fears at rest.

Mr. Albert G. Lepley, who has been at school at the West Virginia Institution, has been admitted to the High Class of the Kendall School.

Probably most of the students are glad that this unusually dreary vacation ends to-morrow.

January 3, 1887. VAN.

A Worthy family in need.

A letter came into my hand this morning from a deaf-mute, whom I have known for a number of years and whom I have not had the pleasure of seeing since 1862.

Micah J. Jenkins, of Johns Island, S. C., and his sister, attended school for a number of years and at the breaking out of the Civil War were called home. Their parents had plenty of property and were sympathizing to the deaf. The evil of the war caused their home to be devastated. In time of peace, they made an attempt to mend up, but were not successful. Their cotton crop failed, and what they saved they had to spend to defray the tax. All know that the succession of earthquakes in South Carolina did great damage to property. Mrs. Jenkin's house which had with stood the weather of thirty years, now gave way. Added to the earthquakes came a cyclone which blew to atoms the old building, and also destroyed the hennery. Mr. Jenkins attempted to make a living by poultry raising, after the failure of the farm products. Now they are without home. Other people suffered from the same deprivations, and they received money to build. Mr. Jenkins now appeals to the benevolent to extend them a helping hand by sending an amount of money which will aid him to build. Then words will be poured out in streams of gratitude. I will take the lead in subscribing for the afflicted family.

W. H. WEEKS.

ST. LOUIS.

Latest News Briefly Paragraphed.

OBSERVATIONS.

(From our St. Louis Correspondent.)

On again!

George T. Dougherty entertained us with a racy lecture at the Y. M. C. A. Parlors on the 18th ult.

James McBain and Miss Pauline Larimore were united in the holy bonds of wedlock on the 2d of December. The groom is a tailor, and received his education in Scotland.

Every mute, with a few exceptions, is at work, and they are supremely happy.

Francis M. Eubanks, formerly of Centralia, Ill., has taken a chair at the barber shop under the Planter's House. He is a daisy with the razor, and may decide to locate permanently in St. Louis. He also has a speaking brother working with him.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Harden's oldest boy is rapidly recovering from the effects of an injury he lately sustained by a fall.

From a casual kick in "Danfors" letter, I harvest the idea that he is not "Cactus" as I thought. I have just found out my mistake. This discovery has plunged me into a condition of abject remorse; but as "Cactus" seems to stand it well, I trust the matter will be amicably adjusted, and kept out of print, in order to avert bloodshed. I am always glad to undo anything I am sorry for, and hereby take it all back.

J. J. Gill sports a new hat. He won it on the result of the late election from W. E Guss Ditto J. J. Smith.

For the benefit of "Jim Jams," I rise to remark that to be honest and upright is admirable in any man. But a man, who is honest for policy's sake, who is truthful, since he sees that in this lies the path to greatness, is utterly despicable. Let us act from the soul; be honest, because it is right and not because we see profit in acting so.

"O let us still the secret joys partake,
To follow virtue e'en for virtue's sake."

The other day, I chanced to receive a copy of the *Pueblo (Col) Evening Star*, containing this item.

"On the day before yesterday, City Clerk Slawson and M. J. Smith, the Only and Original "Smith" of the *Chieftain*, entered into a compact never to smoke cigars, the first one breaking the agreement forfeiting $25 to a minister in this city. The boys stood it out nobly until late yesterday afternoon, when they put in an appearance at the Presbyterian parsonage, loaded down with the luxuries and necessaries of life and their pockets filled with fragrant Havanas and cigarettes. It is needless to remark that a compromise was effected with the "cloth" and the two young men above named were behind a cloud of smoke when they made their exit from the parsonage."

"Jim Jams" has been boiling with envy, since the JOURNAL has a new correspondent from St. Louis. He insists that misfortunes never come singly.

Mr. Marcus Kerr, the well-known mute artist of Michigan, is now with Genelli's photograph rooms on Olive Street. He is a very fine and agreeable gentleman, and I hope he will stay here.

Pete Radekopp is hunting for the man who served his night shirts and other contrivances to the carpet, while "Jim Jams," well, "Jams" has blowed himself in for two new pool tickets, and indulged in other violent exercises calcuated to start the perspiration oozing through the pores of a sick man. I am indebted to Detective McCamley for this morsel of information.

Before Christmas Day, Capt. A. H. Kohlmetz went to Louisville, Mo., to Mr. John McFarland's farm, in search of games and exercise for two weeks. At this writing, I am in dreadful agony of suspense to know whether he has been successful in hunting game, or they are hunting him down.

Johnnie E Campbell is in Rushville, Ill., visiting his relatives, and also indulged in hunting game since Christmas. I heard that a few days ago, that his parents received a box well filled with quails sent by him by express. It is evident that Johnnie is a promising young sportsman.

"Jim Jams" speech the other evening cursing the new correspondent will go down to history with the most eloquent utterances of Webster, Clay and other orators, whose glowing sentences have thrilled the public heart. It made the gas flicker.

There is a lazy mute in Kansas City, who is so exciting the indignation of his neighbors that unless he turns over a new leaf, and that right speedily, he will make the acquaintance of a hydrant or a horse pond. He loafs around doing nothing, and his wife tries to support herself and his lordship, too, by washing.

Capt. A. H. Kohlmetz has just been photographed. Who wants a likeness of his genial mug. Ask him to give you one.

Mr. W. E. Guss has all the work, he wants for the winter. He is a first class workman, and withal, one of the most popular mutes in St. Louis.

The mutes of New York City are delivering a series of very entertaining and instructive lectures to intelligent audiences. Why can not the St. Louisians emulate their example? Are they waiting for the Jolly Rev. Job Turner to lead off? Perhaps.

Sad intelligence has been received from Florida that Mr. W. L. Ambrose is dead. It will be remembered his wife Rosa, formerly a favorite in St. Louis circles, died there also. Their children are stationed with Mrs. Ambrose's mother here since last summer. Death in any household is dreadful, but death in a home where three children are left alone, as this, is a cruel calamity—but He knows best. All sympathy for the poor children fails in such an hour.

Louis Wiseman, a semi mute, was knocked down by a cab while crossing the streets about one month ago. He was severely bruised and taken to the dispensary, after which he was sent home. Present indications are that he will maintain his supremacy.

The members of the mute club have changed their minds as to the change of the meeting place, and will stay where they are for another year. This is right.

The photograph and frame, stolen from the club's rooms, have been recovered. Incorrigible but irrespitible William J. Steim is the name of the thief. J. J. Smith did excellent detective work, and ran him down in short order.

We are now experiencing some geninue winter weather. The cold is very severe—a regular wave of winter, as the meteorologists call it. We have sleighing, and lots of ice—ice for skating, enjoyment and employment, too, for hundreds of harvesters of the ice crop for creams and cobblers next summer. Let us welcome winter. Coal may go up, and the poor, to whom the sharp season brings more or less additional suffering, will be all the poorer, but the cold snap brings its blessings, too. It is normal, and so the general health of the silent community is improved.

A few days ago, two mutes were cutting each other's throats. Now they are joined in the fraternal bonds of a "Detective Association," with J. J. Smith on top, and the sweet bird of peace fans the angry clouds from their massive brows with its white and spotless wings. 'Tis best for brethren to dwell together in unity.

Chas. Wolff says he is not going to marry a Jewish mute heiress as reported. He only wishes he was. Wolff is level headed enough to see all the good points about a young and charming heiress at a glance, but the trouble is that such treasures do not come in his way. He has not the remotest idea where he can go to find one.

Most of the mute ladies, with a few exceptions, kept their houses closed on New Year Day, with baskets hanging on the door knob with a note inscribed—New Year cards received here.

Mrs. Annie Dougherty, assisted by Mrs. E. Harden, and Mrs. Ellen Stephens, of Brighton, Ills., were receiving calls from their friends. In the evening, they had a large company and had a delightful time.

There was a certain mute gentleman who expected to go out calling with only six cards on New Year day. The first house he called on, he was amazed to find out there were more than six ladies, so that he gave all cards away, (six cards in all he had)

Ashbel N. Merrell has gone to New Florence, Mo., to pay a flying visit to his old school-mate, Mr. Eugene See. They will visit some other deaf-mutes in the adjoining cities.

The young little "cherubs" of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Stocksick and Mr. and Mrs. E. Harden were having a merry Christmas with the Christmas trees loaded with many nice presents from Santa Claus.

Mrs. Delia Stocksick, grand daughter of Mrs. T. Totten, would like to know the address of Mrs. Totten, of New York City. Any one giving her address in this paper will be received thankfully. [220 East 13th Street—ED.]

J. J. Smith is the happy possessor of a fine double-barreled shot gun, a christmas present from Capt. A. H. Kohlmetz. Don't fool with a leaded gun, Jack.

Mrs. Ellen Stephens, of Brighton, Ill., will be entertained by Mrs. Dougherty and Mrs. E Harden during this week.

School was closed during the holiday week. Miss Annie Roper paid a flying visit to her parents in Alton, Ill.

New Year is a good day to swear off. Those who have sworn off are:—

Kohlmetz swears that he will not marry, no matter how rich and beautiful she is.

Merrell swears that he will not swallow pills any more.

Doughtery swears that the Maroons *must* play ball to win the championship this year.

Guss swears that he will fine any member of the club for absenting himself from the meetings.

Simpson and his wife and Miss Roper swear that they will hustle their pupils.

Harden swears that he will buy one hundred cheap new year cards in case of emergency for next year.

McCamley swears that he will not pose as a detective any more.

Perlmutter swears that he will not chew.

Froning swears that he will not grow tall any more.

Stafford swears that he will hunt the chicken thief down to death.

Stocksick swears that he will not go a fishing when bait is not plenty.

PATSEY BOLIVAR.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Jan. 2, 1887.

MAINE.

Mr. Edwin Randall, of North Harpsville, Me., treasurer of the Maine Deaf-Mute Mission, unexpectedly came to Brownfield, Me., a day before Christmas Day with an intelligent lady, and while there they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Wakefield for a few days. They enjoyed their visit very much, and had much joy.

During his Christmas vacation, Prof. Melville Ballard, of Washington, D. C., hailing to his dear home at Feyeburg, Me., on the same day on which Mr. Edwin Randall and his mute friend came to Brownfield, Me., saw his sick father, who has been failing for some time. He has just returned there to resume his duty of teaching.

Mr. Geo. W. Wakefield's father, aged 82 years, has been dangerously sick two past weeks, but is a little more comfortable now.

From the Far West.

Miss Kate E. Hulse, a graduate of the Tennessee Institution, is now located at Eleventh and Fairview streets, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Mr. John C. Simmons will shortly be united in marriage to a speaking lassie at Georgetown, Col.

A constant reader warbles as follows: "What has become of Lars M. Larson's day school in Santa Fe, New Mexico?"

A friend of Miss Annie H. Elliott, of Washington, D. C., now in the far West, is anxious to learn her proper address.

Geo. Prigge, whom it is claimed has swindled a number of people on the Pacific coast, is now operating in Kansas. At last account, the writer learns that he is soliciting subscriptions for a Topeka paper. The Kansas mutes should keep a sharp eye on him.

M. M. Payne, a warm friend of Clay Martin, of the Austin Texas, *Sunny Clime*, is now in Atchison, Kansas. He says he would be pleased to near from his friends in Texas.

A wealthy brother of Mr. Chas. H. Angle recently died, and left Charles a snug little fortune

A number of stories are going the rounds of the press to the effect that daring highwaymen have robbed stage coaches alone, only aided by rag dummy confederates. The latest rumor of this kind, coming from Missouri is to the effect that a gang of real live dummies, broke into and robbed a saloon in the western part of that State. This beats them all.

John Grimme, who hails from Detroit, Mich, is now peddling Court plaster in Missouri.

Harry Brantly, a graduate of the Indiana Institution, will soon locate a claim in Miami County, Kansas.

A party calling himself Carl N. Hemans, but who was believed to be J. N. Williams, a semi mute, who visited the Colorado Springs Institution, claiming to be an extensive cattleman, is reported as having been arrested for fraudulent transactions.

BROOKLYN.

A more disagreeable morning then that which ushered in the New Year could not be had for love or money. Rain and snow and sleet and slippery side-walks was any thing but a cheerful outlook of a happy time to those dudes whose employment is worth six silver dollars per week and whose "visiting list" is large; yet they went "calling" either on foot or by the unaristocratic horse-cars and had a splendid? time. "Yum Yum's" callers came by coach, otherwise she was not at home. Such is human nature.

Towards evening the weather changed for the better, and the select few of this vicinity who had received an "invite" to the sociable which under the management of Mrs. Henry L. Juhring, was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John P. Ijams availed themselves of it and had a right jolly time, games and dancing being the principal amusement. At 9:30 supper was served, to which full justice was done, festivities were then resumed and kept up till near midnight.

Among the many present was seen Mr. William Hutton and lady, Mr. C. J. Le Clercq and lady, Mr. Fred Peak and Miss Edith Austin, Mr. C. E. Green and Miss Josie Henry, Mr. George L. Reynolds and Miss Annie Austin, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Juhring, Miss Georgie Loomis, Miss Carrie Cummins, Miss M. Benfield, Mr. Robert M. Patterson and Miss H. Hendricks, the Misses Ijam and Messrs. J. W. Lyons, T. W. Haight, G. Wormeth and others.

STRAY SHOTS.

Assurance has been given that the "King Lear" lecture to be delivered before the Brooklyn Society on the evening of January 12th, will be well worth attending, mutes from New York and other places having signified their intention of being present while those of this city will be there in force. We specially urge Messrs W. O. Fitzgerald, A. A. Barnes and others, who have expressed surprise that so few mutes from Brooklyn come to the gatherings of the Silent Workers to attend this lecture and perhaps the next "picnic under gas-light" of the Guild will see a larger attendance from this city. Admission only ten cents.

The car in which was a number of mutes from the Ijam party was boarded by Tom Brown, who at 12:30 A.M., had just finished his last call.

We understand that the New York *Tribune* of a recent date contained an editorial, the substance of it being that deaf-mutes should not be allowed to marry, giving as a reason the recent murder committed by one of the class. Thus, we see how the bad actions of one mute reflects upon all.

What has become of "Minnehaha," the wild "Rose" of Western New York. Her speaking articles, which once adorned the pages of the JOURNAL, has not been seen for a long time.

YUM YUM.

Jan. 3, 1887.

COLORADO.

Minor Matters of interest Collected and Collated for New Year Reading.

AN ACCIDENT.

(From our Colorado Correspondent)

Fire the dumb peddlers.

George Bond is out of a job temporarily at Aspen.

We wish every correspondent and reader of the JOURNAL a bright and happy New Year.

W. C. Raymond has gone to the Hot Springs, of Las Vegas, New Mexico, to take a bath and get a clean shirt.

Information is greatly desired of the whereabouts of Mr. J. B. Deise, who, when last heard, was in Harrisburg, Pa., some months ago. Address, O. J. Kennedy, Box 730, Pueblo, Col.

Do not waste any pity or bread on dumb peddlers. They are in no wise entitled to consideration at the hands of an indulgent public.

Mr. R M. Zeigler hit pretty nearly the truth, when he recently said "*Josephine* Ferral." Oh, that blessed molasses!

The *Index* and Illinois *Advance* are engaged in the pleasing little game of "you tickle me, and I'll tickle you." The former praises the latter, then the latter praises the former, they each publish what the other said about them. The charming simplicity of this mutual admiration is truly attractive.

Mr. J. C. Simmons, of Georgetown, is wearing a dreamy, far-away look, indicative of matrimony. However, it may only be biliousness.

The following item from the Salt Lake *Daily Tribune* will be read with interest by Mr. H. C White's many friends back east:

> The pupils residing at the Deaf Mute Institute on West Second North street had an enjoyable entertainment on Friday evening, to which a few young friends were invited. They were playing at shadow pantomime, and there was a world of fun and merriment in it. The parts were played with a gusto and in a lifelike manner to do credit to veteran players, for it has been often remarked that in nothing do "children of silence" excel as in dumb pantomime, at which they are naturally adepts.
>
> The first piece played represented the story of a fat man, with a fat little boy, purchased a whole pig from a butcher at his stall. While shouldering the pig home a ragged thief snatched it away from him. Then ensued a pell-mell chase, in which the fat man, the fat little boy, the butcher and the policeman with a ponderous club joined. After the capture of the thief, the scene of the police court followed, in which the pig figured conspicuously, and which, after the sentence of the thief, was bodily taken possession of by the "h'n'rable jedge" and carried home to be made a meal of. Other pieces then were played of an equally amusing character, with the aid of hideous masks and pasteboard images. The whole affair was well carried out by the pupils, and a frequent repetition is greatly desired by the hearing people who were present.

Orange J. Kennedy, who recently threw his position on the *Daily Chieftain* over his shoulder and went to Denver, to try his fortunes, has gotten back. It may be necessary for him to do some "subbing" for the compositors in the merry times that will soon be along this way.

"Patsey Bolivar" is informed that we have no earthly use for "Jim Jams," but his attempt to palm himself off as "an innocent man, etc.," is a piece of hypocrisy that merits long, loud and continued applause.

Mr. A. J. Lamoreaux, of Kansas City, is again in Colorado. Time has dealt gently with Aif, as he does not look a day older than when he was a resident of this State.

The Colorado Springs *Gazette* says:

> The authorities of the Deaf Mute institute this year adopted a rather practical method of awarding the contract for furnishing the institute with bread for the ensuing year. The various bakers of the city provided the institute with bread for a month each. At the end of the three months a vote of the pupils and teachers was taken and the contract was awarded to Lowther Bros. by a large majority.

"Central City," referred to in Prof. Draper's bulletin, is situated in Boulder County, Colorado. The money was, we believe, sent by Hugh Loughran, whose parents live in that mining camp.

Clarence A. Corey, to whom "Danfors" alluded as a "respectable gentleman," has retired from the pencil peddling arena, and is now lifting heavy metal on a newspaper at Omaha. What next?

John W. Beaton, of Silverton, is spending the merry holidays in idle ease among us. He brought with him specimens fine, varied and rich, some in gold, others almost completely plated with horn silver, that we can not see how the most skeptical can now doubt that the Red Mountain mines are sure to prove the richest and greatest in the West, if not in the United States. The specimens are truly wonderful, as evidence of rich deposits.

Drowning men will catch at a straw. E. C. Campbell, of Colorado Springs, is trying to make a little cheap capital by whining around that "Old Morality" is so down on him, because of a personal grudge of Solid Muldoon's. It is true "Mortality" has given the "little boy" more notoriety than he deserves, but then he could hardly avoid doing so. An Irishman, passing by a circus tent, saw a man's head bulging out of the canvas. Instantly he whacked it with his Shillelah, breaking the man's skull. His plea was that he never had seen the man, had nothing in the world against him, but that the head was so fair a mark that he was just compelled to hit it. There are several mutes writing to the JOURNAL from Colorado, and Campbell is so confoundedly vulnerable that each one has been irresistibly driven to hit him a few licks. The aggregate has amounted to a deal. But so far from it proceeding out of any grudge, it is well known that we have had nothing to do with "Mortality's" letters, and consequently, we have nothing against him. Campbell has nobody to blame for his partial showing up, but his own acknowledged folly and incompetency.

The young gentleman who is slinging heavy weight and interesting paragraphs for the JOURNAL from Jacksonville, Ills., complains of the intensely cold weather prevailing in that place. Why people can be content to live in such frigidity, when such a tempting climate as ours is lying out of doors, is one of those things "which no fellar can find out." Our sympathy goes out to our neighbor up the eastward, and in the name of the people of Southern Colorado, we extend to him a cordial invitation to come down and warm himself.

The special, appended below, was wired to the *Pueblo Chieftain*. The news was received with profounded regret by the mutes of this region, as it is likely to work harm on us as a class. But we do not sympathize a bit with Bingham, and believe he deserves the fullest extent of the penalty.

> RALEIGH, N. C., December 24.—The body of Miss Turlington, the deaf-mute young lady, who suddenly disappeared from this city with W. L. Bingham, and who was from the first supposed to have been murdered, was found to-day in the woods eight miles from Raleigh and one mile from Carry, a village on the North Carolina and Raleigh and Augusta Railroads. She had been shot through the head and her throat had been cut.

Daniel C. Hannon is begging in Colorado. He was graduated at the Hartford Institution, and claims Rutland, Vermont, as his home.

Mrs. M. A. Martindale and children have arrived in Colorado from Indiana. Mrs. Martindale is a mighty nice lady and will prove a valuable acquisition to the society of Georgetown, her new home.

"Danfors" hints that we will move to Kansas City. This is a mistake. We are still here attending to business and will for years to come. Our Kansas City friend must not be hoggish and expect all the glittering attractions in Colorado to live in that gay city.

A footpad held up Mr. Peddler Cameron in Denver one night last week. All he got was a half-dozen second-hand toothpicks, an unreceipted wash bill, a punched quarter, a tract entitled "Turn, Sinner, Turn," and a sneering allusion to his big haul.

Mr. J. C. Hutchinson, who was educated at the Minnesota Institution and will be a rich man before he dies, if he has good luck and the Lord is willing, owns a good team of horses and works them on the new Midland Railroad, near Manitou Spring, this winter. Mr. Hutchinson is a young man of temperate habits, is a good fellow and not afraid of work, and would make some lady a most excellent husband.

Carl N. Hemans, a former resident of Pueblo and Walsenburg—well remembered in both places—is now running a cheap chop house in Wyoming Territory. On his business cards occurs the sentence, "I am a pretty good liar myself." It's true to the very letter, Carl, and no mistake. Never mind remitting what you owe the Walsenburg folks at present.

There is a current rumor that a change in the management of the Colorado Springs Institution will take place, when Governor-elect Adams, of this city, enters upon his duties next month. However, we can not trace it to a reliable source.

Dumb peddlers, look here. In its editorial columns, the Denever *Tribune Republican*, of a recent date, made the following remark:

> Why not round up a lot of the dumb peddlers who infest this state, form them into a chain gang and clean up the streets of Denver? This would not only add to the attractiveness of the handsomest city in the west, but would also teach the tattered tourists a valuable lesson of industry.

The little thumb paper at Jacksonville, Ill., seems to be greatly distressed in mind over the meritorious success that the JOURNAL is achieving by its honest efforts. 'T was ever thus. The preacher-editor should remember the biblical injunction—that the truth should be spoken at all times.

During his late sojourn at Denver, O. J. Kennedy suffered the loss of his overcoat. While he was tackling his Sunday breakfast, a thief visited his room and took it away.

Miss Lizzie Laudenslayer, a graduate of the Frederick City, Maryland, School, recently appeared in Pueblo. The following card will fully explain her means of making a living:

> "TO MY FRIENDS.
>
> "What boon shall I ask for?
> A few friends to assist me,
> The green earth around me,
> A bright sky above me!
> Give me the true friends
> Who will assist me
> In the winter's dark hours
> As in summer's bright day.
>
> "Having no employment and in order to make a living. I offer to my friends and the public this card, containing the single and double hand alphabets, as used in the Institutions and schools for deaf mutes for the amusement and convenience of those who speak with the hand and hear with the eye. The hand performs the part of the tongue. Will you please buy this card? Price fifteen cents."

From a hearing gentleman, just in from Aspen, we learn that Pat. Cunningham, the mute miner, met with a very severe hurt on Saturday last. In company with two friends, he rode from the mine on which he was employed to his employer's house two miles distant for his Christmas dinner, and when he mounted to return, his horse began to pitch and fell, throwing the rider over his head. Mr. Cunningham fell upon his face, and was so stunned that he was senseless for two hours. When our informant left Aspen on Monday, the injured man had so far recovered as to be able to ride home. Had the ground where he struck not have been soft from recent snow storms, Pat would certainly have been killed. As it was, he approached nearer to the gates of the New Jerusalem than he ever will again until he goes up on a final trip and knocks for admission.

We would like very much to see "Mercury" in print occasionally. In his last letter he spoke at length of the glorious (?) climate of Florida, and then proceeded to exhort us to come and see for ourselves. No, thank you, "Mercury." We were in your state in July, 1878, when we played with the Chattanooga, Tenn., Base-Ball Club, and if you will excuse us we had rather not come. We do not want to cook our eggs in the sand in three minutes, and lie awake all night sweating as if we were in a furnace like one at Swift's rolling mill in Newport, Ky. Pueblo has the finest climate in the world. The days are always pleasant, winter and summer, except a few days in which we have dust. The nights are always cool, invigorating and refreshing. When Florida is panting through the midnight hours with fans and ice water, and sprinkled floors to absorb the heat, and getting up next morning feeling like a stewed witch, we wrap the drapery of our blankets around us and lie down to pleasant dreams. This winter, the full glory of Indian summer is upon us, and all we lack are the vast primeval forests to show the crimson and yellow and gold of the changing and falling leaves. Mesas and cattle ranges are a poor substitute. The nights, in winter, are of course cold, but we have plenty of bed clothing, and sleep is delicious. No, "Mercury," you can keep your sand hills, orange groves, fleas, alligators, mosquitoes, and your heat. Good bye, old boy.

SOLID MULDOON.

PUEBLO, COL., 12-28-'86.

Gallaudet Centennial Memorial Fund.

TREASURER'S BULLETIN, No. 44.

KENDALL GREEN, Washington, D. C., Jan. 1, 1887.

Received of Simon Mundheim, a pupil in the Kendall School, at Washington,

Already reported,	$2 00 62 47
Total in Treasurer's hands,	64 47
Other Cash already reported,	3,367 07
New York Cash, reported below	1,109 69
Total Cash,	$4,541 23

[The Committee appointed by the Empire State Association to raise $1,500 or more, as New York State's contribution to the fund, reports the following amounts received, which are in the custody of the Treasurer of the Committee, Mr. E. A. Hodgson, and will be handed to the National Treasurer when the amount has been secured.]

A. Kowald, Collector.

Clarence E. Webster,	50
Taylor Getsinger,	50
John Coulon,	50
Roberts Watts,	50
Wm. Calkins,	50
Joe Schlageter,	50
Wm. Briel,	50
Peter Bollinger,	50
John R. Newcomb,	50
August Kowald,	50
Charles W. Stowell,	50
Mrs. C. E. Webster,	50
" August Kowald,	50
" Joe Schlageter,	50
" Sarah W. Preston,	50
Miss Mary Hazard,	50
" Mary Kiernan,	50
Philip Stafflinger,	25
Mrs. Philip Stafflinger,	25
Jacob Stafflinger,	50
Paul Girardin,	25
Mrs. Paul Girardin,	25
Miss Aggie Papineau,	25
" Jennie Freund,	25
" Amelia Fleischaner,	50
" Annie Au,	50
Charles Freund,	25
Miss Lidia Stumpf,	10
" Lizzie Vollrath,	50
Pat. Gough,	50
John Garland,	25
Frank Smith,	25
Patrick Norton,	25
Miss Julia Pontic,	25
Louis Seelback,	25
Henry Gerpen,	20
Ignatz Rozeweir,	25
Mrs. Tgantz Rozoweir,	25
Miss Julia Miller,	15
John H. Lotz,	10
Mrs. John H. Lotz,	10
	$15 15

Mrs. Frank Roberts, Collector.

Frank Roberts,	1 00
Mrs. F. Roberts,	50
Mrs. F. Miller,	25
Mrs. Bean,	25
Mrs. W. E. Utter,	25
Miss M. J. Kay,	10
A Friend,	1 00
T. Chatwin,	50
C. H. D.,	25
	4 10
New receipts,	19 25
Previously acknowledged,	1,090 44
Total	$1,109 69

The Guild.

The Guild of Silent Workers held its regular monthly meeting on Wednesday evening, December 29th at 8 o'clock, in St. Ann's Church. Twenty members were present. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. The treasurer's report showed a balance of $210. During the past month, the Rev. Mr. Chamberlain disbursed $35 50 in various ways for the relief of the needy.

The Rev. Mr. Mann told the audience about his mission work in the west, and also his impressions of his trip to the Pacific coast last summer.

The Guild will give a New England party in three or four weeks.

It is hoped that it will be a success in every respect.

January 3, 1887. LILIAN.

To Catholic Deaf-Mutes of Boston.

Rev. Father Lebreton wishes to inform Catholic deaf-mutes living in Boston and vicinity, that he is making arrangements with Archbishop Williams to establish a Catholic Mission to the Deaf in Boston. He wishes Catholic mutes of that city to write him at 710 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

☞Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK.

A Happy New Year.

RECEIVING AND CALLING.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

"A Happy New Year."

And 1887 is with us, presenting to our imagination various conjectures as to the probabilities of the next twelve months. Many will be kept busy adhering to the promises and resolves they made with the beginning of the new year; others who have likewise made promises and resolutions will keep them for a time, then tire of the job, and in 1888 we find them no better.

The year just closed has been a prosperous and happy one to the majority—if not all our silent brethren. Outside of the institutions, the number of social events, and the crowds that attended them attests to this prosperity. A "Home" has been secured and half paid for, and the proposed "Memorial" to be erected to the "Father of the Deaf" of this country has been contributed to handsomely. Still, as this stands, the contributions have not been what a little push and and enthusiasm on the part of those who have not contributed would make them. At present, it seems the East and New York especially takes the lead. What the memorial is intended for, all are aware, so would it not be a good beginning for the opening of 1887, for our Western brethren to come out a little or a good deal—more liberal than they have, and might it not be well for the various committees chosen to receive contributions, to put on steam and see what they can do inside of the next six months—1888 is not far off. In the summer of that year, it was proposed the monument should be unveiled, and if our mutes are not desirous of being laughed at on their failure to erect the memorial, they need to begin at once, make a furious resolve, and not break it until it is accomplished—that they will have the memorial in its place in August, 1888, or wish themselves in the event of failure at the bottom of the earth.

New Year's day in the city was in the early forenoon a most uninviting one. There was slush and rain, and a cold wind to back it. Toward noon and through the afternoon, it was agreeable barring the slush, and a cold draught that made it warm for those who celebrated the incoming 1887 by as large a number of "hot Scotch's" "Tom and Jerry's" or some other such mysterious concoctions of egg and fire-water.

Calling, which was several years ago, an universal feature of the day's observance, was not so much followed this year, still there were plenty, who "received" and "called," and the fair sex who take unto themselves the liberties of their brothers and sweethearts on January 2d, were out in large numbers despite the freezing weather, one point on Madison Square having about 3 P.M., on that day, no less than twenty-five red-nosed and red cheeked damsels to one forlorn specimen of the masculine gender.

To our mutes, calling and "receiving" seems to be highly popular. It is then Johnny comes out in his silk tile, which has been bought at the expense of his girl's annual ice cream forage, and Jimmy who owes his landlady for three months board puts on a smile, says he will "see her later," and gets his coat from his "Uncle's" leaving therefor $1 for the trouble of having it pressed, as his tailor has begun the new year with a firm resolve to deal for cash only.

These two, with Harry and Dick perhaps, chip in, get a list of all the young ladies who will be "At Home," hire a coach, and with claw-hammers, roses in their top-lapels, and a look in their eye that says they will have something in their heads when they wake up next morning, they start for Miss Smilington's.

Here Dick introduces Harry and the rest. Courtesies are made. Soon Harry is all attention to Miss Walkup, while Jimmy and Johnny are talking of the weather, and of everything else, but are so absent-minded as to remark "it's rather warm," which reminds Miss De Flop that it's New Year's.

"Will you have a little wine? Sherry, Port, or shall I request a cup of coffee?"

Harry takes coffee, Dick Port, Jimmy says Sherry, and Johnny will take a little lemonade. They are served. Dick makes the compliment of the day "Happy New Year," and they leave after a little further conversation, for Harry's grandmother's, Mrs. De Rushington's.

Here the same introduction is gone through, with the exception that their stay is longer, the inducement being that Dick, Jimmy and Johnny are smitten with the charms of Harry's cousins, who are helping grandma.

Thus they go from one place to another, the wind-up usually being about 9 P.M, when each goes to see the girl he is to marry the next year or the year after, or perhaps later, and stay until Pa reminds him "It's time all good people were asleep," and the clock in the parlor shows the new year is one day old.

Those that called and received were many, and a few of them, with the promises made, which are to be broken—no—kept for at least six months to come, were auspicious of New Year's.

"Poet" LeClercq called, and the Misses Austin received as many as fifty or sixty. The "Poet" looked immaculate in a high hat, lavender colored kids, and cologne one week old.

Tom Brown and Jim P. Mahoney made the snow fly in a cutter on the road to Coney Island, where both were on their way to extend the compliments of the day to the "Maid of the Mist," and it was misty when they crossed the bridge for home.

Mrs. Lilley, assisted by Misses M. and Katie Madden and Miss Doyle, showed on their list some one hundred and fifty who had dropped their cards before leaving.

Arabella's manse, on 5th Avenue, had a clothes basket on the door bell, as she was "Not at Home," a placard attached with these words on being "Snooks" reception when he arrived.

The new Mayor, Abram S. Hewitt, received, through the day. Among those who paid their respects were many deaf-mutes.

Mrs. J. F. Donnelly, assisted by the Misses Bella Gardiner, Mackie, Felver, Lackas and Bohnflick attended to the respects of a host of callers at the first-mentioned home. The "Governor" was "at home" from 8 to 11 P.M

Little Lounsbury resolved New Year's morning, he would never touch another cigarette, but at 4 P.M. he was seen near a lamp-post with a "Virginia Bright" in his mouth.

"Clown" Donohue in a sick title started 8:30, January 1st. "At Home" 4 A.M. Jan. 2d, still there. Says a lamp post or a 5th Avenue stage ran into him, and decided not to call again for another year.

"Ike" Soper resolved in rhyme, that:

> "The flowers that bloom in the spring Tra-la,
> Breathe promise of merry sunshine
> For I'm going to be married in the spring Tra-la-la,
> Which means a summer of roses and wine."

The cold had a depressing effect on the nasal organ of "Yum-Yum," as he emerged from a Third Avenue (Brooklyn) horse car, which impressed us with the belief there must have been a "flaw" in that member of his body.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union Reception is quietly and steadily going on in regard to arrangements, and if we are to rely on the information that 500 tickets are out, there will be an immense audience present.

MONTAGUE TIGG.

DEAF-MUTES AS LECTURERS.

There is a widespread and wrong impression prevalent that the deaf-mutes are failures as lecturers before any deaf and dumb congregation. For many a year I have watched the doings of the various deaf-mute societies in New York City and its immediate vicinity, and find that it is an almost uniform habit of the societies to ignore deaf-mute lecturers and invite the hearing and speaking persons—connected here and there, now and and then, with the deaf and dumb—in some way or the other to lecture.

I have never been president of a society during my life time, and can therefore speak in my mind more freely and without betraying myself.

There are deaf-mutes in the city of New York as well as its neighboring cities who are capable of delivering an interesting and instructive lecture, and in some instances, they are capable of outdoing the hearing persons who lecture before the mutes. There is Mr. W. G. Jones, a mute, who can deliver a lecture and hold a closer attention than any hearing teacher can do. There is Mr. John Wilkinson, who can give the mutes a good lecture well worth the price of admission. There is Mr. C. R. Thomson, who can lecture better on any subject of modern history while he is seated in a chair than any of the teachers at the institution. There is Mr. Thomas F. Fox who can give the silent audience a lecture that will be found as interesting as it is worth attending. There is Mr. Thomas Godfrey who, though a deaf-mute from birth, can get upon the platform and deliver a lecture in an off hand manner. There are Messrs. Charles O'Brien, John F. O'Brien who can do some pretty talking before an audience and the more they get to their lecture the more interesting the lecture grows. There is Mr. F. B. Thompson who can handle a lecture with the ease of any ordinary lecturer.

Besides the above, there are deaf and dumb lecturers who are really a credit to their class but are intentionally ignored by the average president of the societies.

It has for a very long time been the practice of societies to invite some hearing person to lecture, and place the price of admission at an unnecessarily exorbitant price, simply because the lecturer is a hearing man and has a "Prof." prefixed to his name.

The pupils at the schools are the ones that require the dry lectures of the Professors on this or that scientific or modern discovery. The pupils profit by such lectures. They learn something. But how can the Professors plough through the brains of the graduates this or that scientific exploration. Those who have left school and are settled down for the remainder of life are not expected to labor under a studious lecture or a subject, which will not remain with them, after the conclusion of the lecture.

It therefore becomes the duty, under the hint, for such hearing lecturers to pick up a subject that will be easily ploughed through and into the brain of the silent auditors—not for study, but for pleasure and amusement.

It also becomes the duty of societies to engage only deaf and dumb lecturers, and thereby encourage the mutes into reading and lecturing.

Whenever the societies engage the deaf and dumb lecturers, they place the price of admission at a very mean price—because the lecturer is deaf and dumb. But when a hearing and speaking lecturer is engaged, the price of admission is fixed at an inflated price, because the lecturer can hear and is a "Prof."

There is only one society I know of at present that treats the deaf and dumb lecturer on a level with any hearing lecturer. It is the Brooklyn Society. Its Constitution provides that the admission to all lectures shall be ten cents. When Dr. Peet and Dr. Gallaudet lectured before its members, only ten cents was charged. When Prof. Fox and Mr. Godfrey lectured, the price was still ten cents. The Constitution of this society also provides that a deaf and dumb lecturer shall receive as much as a hearing lecturer. If I am allowed to say a little more about that Constitution and myself, I will gladly say that the Constitution was suggested when I helped organize the Brooklyn Society, and it has stood so up to day and it will so stand, if I can keep it.

As I have said that there are many good deaf and dumb lecturers, it is natural that a dozen lectures should be given in the City of New York during the winter months. It is very foolish to think that the pupils of the schools are still pupils after they graduate, and that the hearing "Profs." are wanted to still further *educate* them with dry and stale lectures and discourses about the earth, the sun, the moon, the plants and the magnetism of things long past the "era of discovery."

The Guild of Silent Workers, the Gallaudet Home, the Gallaudet Fund, the Gallaudet Home Debt Fund, etc., require lectures now and then to increase the funds on hand, and I hope there will be a decided change some day in the near future and our deaf and dumb lecturers given a broader field and a chance to prove what I have here said.

Yours as Ever,

W. A. BOND.

Baltimore.

MY DEAR JOURNAL:—Where is Baltimore's Budge, tor where is "Anti Rep," has been the constant inquiries everywhere. I am glad to say I am not struggling for another world, but am enjoying my health permanently in this monumental city.

Mr. Branflick was presented with two robust twins about two weeks ago. Both are girls. Mother and children are doing very well. Mr. B. is very proud, as not a single mute family in this city has ever attained to such distinction, and the congratulations bestowed upon him have been many.

Mr. Billy McElroy received his friends on New Year's day at his home on North Broadway.

Mr. Spragne, brother of Thomas Sprague, who died not very long ago, also entertained his friends.

Mr. Elmer E. Butterbaugh in the morning of New Year, assisted by his family, made up a grand feast to welcome his friends. All enjoyed it immensely.

Miss Sadie Arnold and Mr. Unsworth, her future husband, entertained their friends on New Year in gleeful style.

Mr. Wm. Smithson, the well-known and genial broad gauge fellow, of Hartford County, Maryland, who selects Baltimore as his home in winter, was tendered a surprise party a couple of days ago by his intimate friends. A very pleasant time was spent. Among the many present were Isaac Kaufmann and wife, J. O. Amoss and wife, Wm. McElroy, Miss Rowland, Aaron Friedenrich and wife, Jas. H. Linton, H. S. Anderson and wife, Edw. Ramsay, Miss Ella Peregoy, R. E. Underwood, James H. Wells, Jas. Stubbs and wife, Miss Sallie Gourley, H. Reamy, G. Thies, Jas. H. Thomas, of Lombard, Hartford County, Maryland, Miss Sadie Arnold, Jno. Unsworth, of Washington, D. C., H. Achey, and many others that escaped your scribe's sight.

The solid "one," as the boys were called, who made the New Year calls, said they had a jollier time than ever before.

Mr. Aaron Showmann, of Frederick City, Maryland, is in town with Billy McElroy.

Mr. and Mrs. Amoss treated their friends in grand style on Christmas and New Year's at their home on McElderny Street.

Miss Ella Peregoy tendered a select party to her many friends on the evening of December 31st, to welcome in 1887.

Mr. Anderson, Mr. Underwood, two bright, genial dudes of French style, were greatly admired by the young ladies they call on New Year's.

Billy McElroy was presented with a handsome gold watch from his father, greatly to his surprise. He did not anticipate it, and is very happy.

"Anti Rep" will write more at frequent intervals hereafter, to please his friends in Baltimore.

ANTI REP.

January 3, 1887.

NOTICES.

The residents of Newark and vicinity are cordially invited to attend service in Trinity Chapel, on Sunday, January 9th, at 11 o'clock A.M.

Service for deaf-mutes in the Parish Building of St. Paul's Church, Albany, (entrance on Jay Street), at 10:30 A.M., and in St. Paul's Church, Troy, at 3 P.M., next Sunday, January 7th, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet officiating.

KANSAS CITY.

The Levee.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

A Happy New Year.

(From our Kansas City Correspondent).

The most enjoyable event of the season was the Levee last evening, at Whittaker's hotel. At eight o'clock thirty couples had gathered in the spacious parlors, and were soon engaged in playing games, walzing, etc. A good many had come from Kansas, and old friends and schoolmates were seen greeting each other, and smiling on bygone days. At eleven o'clock a line of march was formed for the dining room, where a table thirty feet in length, prepared for the occasion, was loaded down with delicacies. All feasted merrily, cracking nuts and jokes, apparently unaware the year was fast slipping away, until the last moment. Again in the parlor, it was a New Year with a good deal of greeting, merrymaking and playing, as well as love making till early morning.

Among those present from Kansas, were Prof. and Mrs. R. T. Thompson, Miss Eva Owen, Miss Bertha Banks, and Miss Ida Williams, of Olathe; Mr. Chas. H. Angle, and Miss E. M. Bolt, of Topeka; Mr. and Mrs. Civitis, of Lawrence; A. A. Gray, of Clearmont, Mo.; Des. Hall and Ed. Thatcher, of Nebraska.

It being New Year, we will entertain our friends and visitors as best we can. A private dining room has been engaged at the hotel, and a grand old time and feast we'll have this afternoon.

The Committee on Arrangements of the levee,—Mr. Chas. H. Angle, Chairman; H. L. Johnson Jr., and E. M. Bolt, deserve praise for the efficient manner in which they managed things.

Some high toned mutes of this city and Kansas are considering the advisability of organizing a society to-day, to be called the Kansas Deaf-Mute Club.

Joseph Marksbury, Jonathan Greeley, and their families spent Christmas at their old homes in Kansas.

Christmas was a sad one in the home of Harry B. Allison, his father having died on the 24th ult. We spmpathize with the bereaved family. Mr. Allison came to Kansas City from Indiana six years ago.

Mr. A. J. Lamoreaux was back in town during Christmas week, and sold out his interest in the proposed new daily paper. We hope that some of our Kansas brethren will not look so scared and long faced after reading this piece of news.

Mrs. Hamden E. White has been on the sick list for some time. Old man Ham has our sympathy.

The deaf-mute branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, recently organized, is standing on a firm footing with a promise of success in every respect. Sunday, December 19th, Prof. Hiram Phillips, of Olathe, Kan., lectured before the assembly, and Prof. R. E. Thompson is looked for to-morrow.

The "Ex Iowan's" letter in the JOURNAL, on emigration to Kansas is just the thing. Now, "Chox Tozz," read it over very carefully and see that you understand the advice of one who has lived out on the plains in Kansas, and one who knows milk and honey don't flow in wells from its soil.

The other day we stumbled across George Prigge, whom the California mutes are cursing. He said that the stories about his being a swindler were false and base accusations, and that some one out there had gone under his name to defame him, and that if he ever met the alleged Prigge the moon would shine a crimson red.

Several mutes in this city are seriously thinking of moving to Wichita, Kan. We advice them to remain at home, and not roam like the Arabs.

Harry B. Allison says he will challenge Mike McMahon, the Omaha deaf-mute pugilist, to a fight for one thousand dollars, and establish his claim as the champion deaf-mute pugilist of the world.

"Chox Tozz," do you see the *Kansas Star* tells you to be more careful and tell the truth, and nothing but the whole truth. We always read your childish prattle with pleasure, and did not think you were base enough to give us "taffy." It is about time you should disappear in that hole with the *Index* man, and pull "Old Mortality" along with you.

The respectable mutes of St. Louis are doubtless disgusted at such a tough customer as "Patsey Bolivar," who has revealed the orgies of her mutes that frequent such low places as pool rooms.

Wonder if Editor Harbert is about to disappear in the hole he adviced us to hasten and enter. We hope he will take "Chox Tozz," "Old Mortality," and his other squeaking cronies along with him.

DANFORS.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Jan 1, '87.

NOTICE.

Now is the time to subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. All the news concerning deaf-mutes for $1.50 a year.

FANWOOD.

A Quiet but Happy New Year.

MORE ABOUT W. L. BINGHAM.

(*From our Fanwood Correspondent*)

New Year's passed off quietly at the Institution. Greetings of the day were exchanged, each one trying to give the first wish. Smiles lit up every face. "A Happy New Year," in large letters, containing six different colors, were put up over the front door of the dining room by some of the boys the evening of the last day, and gave the room a cheerful aspect in addition to the large painting which we spoke of in our last letter.

Although rain and slush made the day look very gloomy, those who were bent on making new year's calls, did so, in spite of the fact that the custom is dying out.

MORE ABOUT BINGHAM.

There is still much comment as to the probable fate of Walter L. Bingham. Various stories have reached us to the effect that he was seen in this city several times; the papers have reported that he was seen in St. Louis and Chicago, and even in Canada, but the the latest is that a deaf and dumb man answering the description of Bingham was seen in Catskill on Christmas day, and took a train for Albany. He was accompanied by a man who could hear and speak. From this it may be inferred that Bingham has either ended his life, or paid a man to conceal his identity by purchasing railroad tickets and doing the necessary talking. If Bingham was to travel alone, it would be impossible to escape detection, on account of his infirmity, *i.e.*, face disfiguration, and deaf and dumb he would have to write frequently in order to make his wants known. But still we wonder that he is not captured, as the crime is such a horrible one that the whole country has been excited.

NOTES.

Tobogoning at the Polo Grounds.

A man was found dead on Tenth Avenue on New Year's with, a bullet hole in his head.

Miss Ida Montgomery spent a few days in Washington, D. C.

Prof. E. H. Currier spent a week of the holidays visiting in Philadelphia.

The mother of Miss Myra L. Barrager spent the holidays with her at the Institution.

The Gordon job press, in the printing office, will be run by steam hereafter.

A stable caught fire in Fort Washington, Tuesday of last week, and as it was quite near the Institution, there was a little excitment, some going to see the "sight."

Miss Fraser, the hospital nurse, was taken quite sick two weeks ago, and the services of another professional nurse were secured until she recovered.

The pupil who received a Christmas box from the longest distance is Richard Reuben Tweed, from West Indies. Lewis F. Lyons was next, from Waco, Tex.

Messrs. A. L. Thomas, W. H. Rose and W. H. Fosmire spent very pleasantly a few hours with the pupils last Sunday.

The rain storm of January 1st and the freeze on Sunday, has rendered skating most excellent, and probably better than for several years.

Prof. Gamage informs us that skating in Central Park is excellent, and he rubs his hands with glee, as he is seldom seen to rub before.

Richard R. Tweed boasts of having received three Christmas boxes. One came from the West Indies, one from Waterbury, Ct., and the third from this city.

Chas. F. White, of Des Moines, Iowa, who is pursuing a collegiate course in Amherst College, preparatory to becoming foreign correspondent of Western papers, called last Monday with Theo. I. Lounsbury.

Mr. A. H. Krum, Superintendent Brainerd's son-in-law, has presented the Institution museum with the jawbone of a shark, which he caught on the eastern shore of Nantucket, in 1886. The shark measured nine feet in length and weighed five hundred pounds.

William F. Durian spent his Christmas holidays visiting S. H. Winne and Mr. Geo. Walker, of Kingston, N. Y., and speaks in high praise of the kind treatment he received there.

Theo. Grady left for Baltimore on January 1st, regretting that he could not stay longer, as he enjoyed himself so much. Everybody here who made his acquaintance found him to be very agreeable in every respect. He graduated from the University of California with honors, and is at present pursuing a course in the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore.

We are the happy recipient of a large orange grown on the premises of Mr. Geo. Walker, of Kingston, N. Y. The tree is twenty-eight years old, and bears as many as thirty-five oranges at one time. As the climate of Kingston is not at all adapted to orange growing, it proves skilful cultivation. Mr. Walker will please accept a car load of thanks from us, with the assurance that the "quality" or "flavor" of Kingston oranges are inferior to none.

AQUILA.

Western Pennsylvania.

DEAR JOURNAL:—A "Happy New Year" to you, and I've no doubt it will be so indeed. At Edgewood there is no vacation this season, and only a few children and the teachers who live near by, have gone home, for Saturday and Sunday. The pupils who remained were made as happy as can be done in the Institution.

After morning service in the chapel, Mr. Allabough gave them a synopsis of the origin and various ways of observing Christmas. While he was absent as a Committee of one, to wait upon "Santa Claus," one of the teachers endeavored to occupy the minds of the children with other stories, but, owing to the general state of "Qui Vive," which passed them, with indifferent success. While in the middle of a very interesting tale, the chapel doors opened, and in stalked Santa Claus, with an assistant, beaming upon everybody with a jolly bright smile. Invited to the stage, he made a short address, and proceeded to the distribution of gifts, everybody present being remembered. In the evening all again assembled in the chapel where they were treated to an exhibition of "Punch and Judy," which was received with rounds of applause from everybody, and Mr. Bardes, as manipulator of the murderous little wretch, "Punch," covered himself with glory.

Thereafter, came a pantomime in several sections, "Tooth-drawing Extraordinary," A Country-School," and a recitation, "The Preacher and the Hornets." Altogether it has been the pleasantest Christmas day the pupils can remember. Mr. Allabough acted as master of ceremonies, school-master and dentist. He is a "Jewel."

Last Thursday evening, there was a gathering of deaf people at the residence of Mr. Archie Woodside, Wilkinsburg, the occasion being the presentation to Miss Sarah W., of the Eighth Reformed Presbyterian Church Pittsburgh, of a crayon portrait of herself, drawn by A. Donaldson, and a handsome clock. This was done in recognition of her long service as interpreter for the deaf at that church. Dr. J. G. Brown made the presentation speech, and the occasion was altogether a very enjoyable one.

Mr. Teegarden, with an enterprise quite new to his usually conservative character, got up a little sensation for us on the 15th. He went to the station to meet his wife and baby in the evening. He took the baby on his right arm and proceeded across the tracks toward the other platform and the road home. Before he started, he looked for the down trains, but saw none coming. But by the time he reached the last rails, the mail-train came slipping along, slowing up to let off a funeral party. Mrs. Teegarden saw it, and sprang forward and touched him. Baby obstructed his view, so he turned about to the right, and faced the train, which that moment struck his left hip and thigh hurling him some distance away unconscious. Baby fell on the snow close to the rail, and the end of a veil wound about her head was ground to powder. She was picked up without a scratch and asleep. Mr. Teegarden was carried in a rocker, and in a week was at school. He finds three legs an advantage, though, just now, and will for some days yet. We were all very grateful that it was not a tragedy, which one step more would have made it. As it is, he was only severely bruised.

A new matron has been installed at the Institution—Mrs. McCarthey, of Pittsburgh.

Workmen are finishing off the interior of the new wing, and the early spring will probaby see the girls in possession of new study and playrooms, sewing room, etc. Committees from the "State Board of Charities" have been here, and given us a thorough inspection, and were most favorably impressed with things generally. We hope that satisfaction will assume the form of a hearty recommendation and a sufficient appropriation voted sans demur.

QUIZ.

Old Santa Claus in the American Asylum.

Christmas morning dawned bright and beautiful. There were many merry faces, sparkling eyes and exchanges of Christmas greetings. Busy hands were arranging presents for Christmas offerings. About ten o'clock, the pupils assembled in the chapel and there patiently awaited the arrival of Santa Claus. Principal Williams looked through an imaginary telescope, and told the pupils that Santa Claus was hurrying his reindeer down the mountain. Pretty soon he arrived bearing loads of presents, and the little ones were very much delighted to see the stranger.

Presents were plentiful, and each pupil received a Christmas remembrance. Santa Claus could not prolong his stay, so he bade adieu to the pupils and drove away. All the pupils carried away presents, and many received boxes from home.

Riceville, Pa.

Every body seems to be devoting their time toward making these holidays a happy period. The young folks are looking forward for a snow storm so they may enjoy the toboggan slide Many of the young ladies procured suits, and they are pronounced "too sweet for anything."

Mr. T. E. Cummings is home on a visit from Braddock, Pa., and will remain two weeks. The sleighing is excellent for the amount of snow in this vicinity.

GEN. BRADDOCK.

Christmas at the Salt Lake School.

A bevy of young ladies belonging to families of the highest social standing in Salt Lake City, among whom the daughter of Chief-Justice Zane was the moving spirit, got up a beautiful Christmas Tree at the Deaf-Mute Institute, with the generous assistance of the merchants in the city. It may be remarked that this is not the only instance of the kindness of the people without regard to politics or religion, as once in answer to the pressing needs of the Institute, three banks gave $50 each and private individuals $20 and $25 each.

The following from the Salt Lake *Tribune* gives an account of the whole affair:

NOBLE WORK.

Yesterday two young ladies, Miss Margaret Zane and Miss E Hempstead, conceived the idea of giving the pupils of the deaf and dumb institute, a royal Christmas surprise. They started out and in a very short time had secured through the bounty and liberality of our merchants such donations as will make a merry time among the pupils, of which there are seventeen, ranging in age from seven to twenty-four. These young ladies belong to the Young Ladies' General Aid Society, of which there are twelve active members, and the good accomplished by them during the existence of the society cannot be estimated by the public, as the greatest share of their charitable work is being done very quietly. In their charitable work ye-terday, every one approached and asked to contribute at once heartily responded, which proves that true charity makes all the world akin. To day the young ladies will arrange the tree, and the distribution will take place at the residence of Professor White, 360 West Second North street, at 6 P.M. Some of the pupils, belonging to poor families, are in need of under-clothing, etc, and any donations for them would not only be thankfully received, but would be aiding worthy objects. During to-day donations may be sent to the store of Simon Brothers, who will forward them in time for the di-tribution.

CHRISTMAS AT THE DEAF-MUTE INSTITUTE.

As was announced in yesterday's *Tribune*, the distribution of the many kind gifts for the deaf and dumb scholars of Prof. White took place at his house at 6.30 P.M. Upon a beautiful pine tree, radiant with the brilliant lights of many-colored candles, were displayed the many good things which were soon to gladden the hearts of the little ones and those more grown, who silently, with bated breath and eager eyes, watched every movement of the young ladies who had the affair in hand.

Of the pupils present, some had reached manhood without having ever before beheld the sights of a Christmas tree, and their astonishment can be better imagined than described.

The distribution now begun, and as each recipient received his or her Christmas box, there followed such silence that the dropping of a pin could have been distinctly heard. No speeches were made or words of thanks expressed, but those who had the opportunity to catch the eyes of those unfortunate children, saw language there possessing far more charm and eloquence than may have been heard in other parts of the city where Christmas boxes were being distributed.

If prayers were heard on high last evening, they were surely those sent up upon angel wings by our deaf-mute friends, asking of the Almighty to shower blessings upon those who had remembered them upon this occasion and prepared an hour of joy and gladness for them.

Would that Merry Christmas came oftener than once a year. It would surely make men less selfish, would they but oftener mingle with those who are in want or otherwise more unfortunate than themselves.

The icy crust that encircles the human heart melts, upon such occasion, wishing that it could take within its folds all those who are laden with sorrow, or upon whom misfortune has thrust its heavy load.

The young ladies of the General Aid Society, of whom Miss Annie Hempstead, Miss Zane, Miss May Godbe, Miss Kate Lawrence, Miss Hampton and Miss Beasel Wilke were present, acquitted themselves with their usual well known aptness and grace, adding another leaf to their well-earned laurels.

A WARLIKE CARD FROM PROF. AND MRS. WHITE.

As the general public is aware, a brilliant coterie of young ladies from this city invaded our stronghold and took the house by storm on Christmas Eve. They came heavily armed, and they had two gallant knights, Mr. Simon and Mr. Wilkes, with them, but their most formidable piece of ordnance was one of that kind which vanquished the king slayer, Macbeth, at the Castle of Dunsinane—A Christmas Tree—and what could we do but surrrender unconditionally? Never were a captured garrison more kindly treated than were the members of our household by the fair young captors, who took complete possession of our house and proceeded forthwith to decorate it at their own pleasure. To the generous merchants of the city who furnished "aid and comfort to the enemy," in supplying them with all sorts of ammunition for the purpose of surprising and attacking us, we can only say, your crime of that kind is one not easily forgotten, and as for the young ladies, they may rest assured that their efforts to entertain the vanquished were very much appreciated. In saying all this, we but speak for the voiceless children under our charge.

MR. AND MRS. H. C. WHITE.

DELAWARE.

Last Thanksgiving and Christmas, Lindell Fell, Thomas Keelins, Joseph McCullough and W. S. Downing visited the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, corner of Broad and Pine Streets.

A few days before Christmas, Mr. W. S. Downing and his hearing brother went to Virginia after partridges, and brought home eighteen birds. They remained there two days, and were accompanied by a trained setter and pointer.

Messrs. Thomas Jones, and Frederick Bush, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Myers, from Lehigh, all deaf-mutes, were in town and spent the day and evening among the Wilmington deaf-mutes.

W. S. D.

Deaf-Mute Articulation Class.

SECOND YEAR.

MISS S. W. KEELER, after many years of institution experience, has organized a deaf-mute class for thorough instruction in language, articulation and lip-reading. For further information, apply personally or by letter to MISS KEELER,

72 WEST 50TH ST.,

46-3mo. NEW YORK CITY.

"KING LEAR" in Brooklyn

Mr. Wm. G. Jones will deliver a lecture on "King Lear," at the room of the Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes (Tuttle Hall), No. 198 Grand Street, on Wednesday evening, January 12th, 1887. Open at 7:15. Admission 10 cents.

THOS. GODFREY,
Chairman on Printing.

49-4in.

SECOND SEASON

GRAND ANNUAL RECEPTION

OF

St. Joseph's Union of Deaf-Mutes.

(Brooklyn Catholic Deaf-Mute S. S. Association)

AT

City Assembly Rooms,

Washington St, Junction of Fulton and Court Sts. and Myrtle Ave.

ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY EVE.,

Monday, Feb. 21, 1887.

Music by Prof. R. E. Sause.

Tickets, **50 Cents.**
(*Admitting gentleman and ladies.*)

The City Assembly Rooms are the largest, handsomest and best ball rooms in Brooklyn, situated, as it is, at a point where all the principal horse-cars pass and land you in front of the entrance.

Special arrangements have been made with Mr. ***Tyson,*** proprietor of the ladies' and gentlemen's oyster and dining-room on the ground floor whereby all may get a good supper at prices to suit every body.

No one will be obliged to eat what he or she does not like nor pay for what he or she does not eat.

Satisfaction guarranted.

Our New York and New Jersey friends and all others coming across the bridge or Fulton Ferry, will please remember that the hall is within ten minutes walk from either up Fulton or Washington Streets.

The Committee will do everything possible for the comfort and enjoyment of all.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

JAMES F. O'NEIL, *Chairman.*
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FOR THE

Instruction of the D & D.

All persons at any time pupils in the Institution, are respectfully requested to send to us, at once, their names and residences, and the year in which they left or graduated from school; and, in the case of married women, their maiden name prior to marriage.

I. L. PEET, *Principal.*
C. N. BRAINERD, *Supt.*

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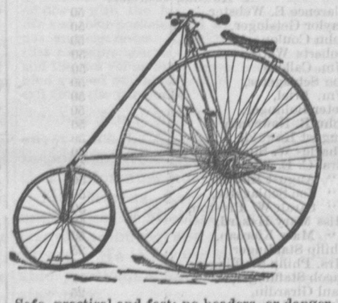
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FIFTH —"STILL WE THRIVE"— SEASON

GRAND ANNUAL RECEPTION.

OF THE

Catholic Literary,

BENEVOLENT UNION

OF DEAF-MUTES,

TO BE HELD IN

IRVING HALL,

(Irving Place and 15th Street),

On Wednesday Evening, January 19th, 1887.

MUSIC BY PROF. R. E. SAUSE.

Tickets (*admitting gentleman and ladies.*) **50 Cents.**

The Union takes pleasure in bringing before the public the notice of its Fifth Annual Reception.

As heretofore everything will be done on the occasion towards the comfort and enjoyment of its guests.

Irving Hall has been entirely re-decorated and contains the finest dancing floor of any ball-room in New York City.

Prof. Sause is a name that speaks for itself.

Tickets, can be obtained of any of the members.

Particulars given later.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

JOHN F. O'BRIEN, *Chairman,* WILLIAM ENNIS, J. F. J. TRESCH.

DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we publish in this column, IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER *a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes.*

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, at the Tuttle Hall, 198 Grand St., Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: Henry L. Juhring, Pres't; Henry Hoevel, First Vice-President; Chas E. Green, Second Vice-President; Alex Dezendorf, Secretary; T. J. Godfrey, Treasurer; Robert M. Patterson, Sergeant-at-Arms. Its object is to improve moral, intellectual and sociality among its members. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Alex Dezendorf, No. 455 Hudson Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A., of San Francisco. President, Moses I. Aronson Vice-President, Thos. F. Finnegan; Secretary, Leo C. Williams; Treasurer, Henry J. McCoy; Librarian, Frank B. Shattuck. Divine services first and third Sundays in each month, alternate at 11 A.M. Regular business meetings, first Thursday in each month. Address all communications to the Secretary, Leo C. Williams, cor. Church and Dorland Streets, San Francisco, Cal.

CAMBRIDGE SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The objects of the Cambridge Society of Deaf-Mutes are to promote the spiritual, moral, educational and intellectual welfare of the deaf-mutes in Cambridge and vicinity. The officers are President, A. W. Orcutt; Secretary, E. W. Frisbee, and Treasurer, A. C. Hargrave. Sunday services and prayer meeting from 12:30 to 2 P.M., at the Central Square First Baptist Church, until further notice.

CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, meets for the present every Thursday evening at 8 P.M., in the College Building of St. Francis Xavier, 39 West 15th Street. First and last meetings of the month for members only. Debates every second Thursday. Lectures every third Thursday. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general cordially invited. James Russell, President. All communications should be addressed to P. F. Cassidy, Corresponding Secretary, 506 West Street, New York City.

CINCINNATI SOCIETY.

The Anderson Society dates its organization from 1879, and has for its object the moral and mental improvement of its members, by lectures, debates, and other entertainments Regular meetings on the first and third Saturday evenings of each month, at 8 o'clock, are held in Anderson Hall, No. 192 West Fifth Street. Visitors may be introduced by members, and those interested, from other places, are cordially welcomed. Mr. Alfred Bierlein is President, and Mr. Fred Reiker, Secretary. The latter's address is No. 61 Moore Street, Cincinnati, O.

CLERC LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Clerc Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 P.M., in the lecture room of the Church of the Covenant, Filbert Street above 17th Street. Lectures every Thursday evening, except 2nd Thursday of each September, 1st Thursday of December and March, and last Thursday of June, which are assigned for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of the members. Mr. Geo. Slifer is President, and Thomas Breen is the Secretary, and the latter's address is No. 1917 Monument Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

DE L'EPEE CATHOLIC DEAF-MUTES' ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA.

Meetings, the first and third Sundays of the month, in the building of the Deaf-Mutes' Mission 710 Pine Street. The object of the Association is the spiritual and temporal welfare of its members. Thomas Breen is President, and Mr. Edward J. Carr, Secretary. Applications should be made to the Secretary, 2710 E. Somerset or Rev. E. V. Lebreton, 710 Pine Street.

GRANITE STATE DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New Hampshire, and elects its officers every other year. The object of the mission is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community in the State. The officers are as follows:—Willie E. White, President, Bennington; Willie A. Deering, Secretary, Pittsfield; Almos Smith, Treasurer, New Boston.

PAS-A-PAS CLUB, OF CHICAGO.

The Pas-a-Pas Club is an organization of Chicago mutes effected with the object of dispensing intellectual improvement and moral amusement to its members and friends. Its motto is, Pas-a-Pas—"step by step." Regular meetings are held on the first and third Saturday of each month at eight o'clock in the evening, in Ladies' Parlor, third floor, Young Men's Christian Association Building, 148 E. Madison Street. Visitors from out of town are ever welcome. The club is officered as follows: President, Matthew Mullen; Vice President, Edward Kingon; Secretary, Matt Mullen; Treasurer, Jas. K. Watson. Address President or Secretary Pas-a-Pas Club, care Young Men's Christian Association, Chicago.

ST. JOSEPH'S UNION, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y

Meets every Tuesday evening at 21 Sidney Place, corner Livingstone St, Brooklyn. Object: mutual aid. All communications to be addressed to William Ennis, 19 Fifth Street, So. Brooklyn

ST. LOUIS DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club holds its meeting at the St. Louis Young Men's Christian Association, on 11th and Locust Sts. Regular business meeting on the second Saturday in each month, for business only. The purposes of the club are principally of a social nature, but the Literary advancements of St. Louis ladies and gentlemen will not be neglected. Lectures will be announced by the President from time to time, and all are welcomed on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to drop in at any time of the day, and make themselves at home. Officers: President, W. E. Guss; Vice-President, E. Harden; Secretary, D. A. Simpson; Treasurer, Louis Jacoby; Sergeant-at-Arms, Leo A. Froning; Trustees, W. T. Campbell and Geo. T. Dougherty. Address the Secretary, 2249 Sullivan Ave.

THE BAY STATE DEAF-MUTE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

This Mission is for the intellectual, moral, and religious welfare of deaf-mutes in those places where their numbers make it advisable; to encourage the formation of Union Societies, for the mutual benefit of all, in their respective localities; to interest all friends of humanity and Christianity in their behalf; to assist in giving extra services to such local Union Societies, which are in need of more services than they can maintain themselves; to offer an additional or extended help to any independent local society, with their co-operation; to strengthen the ties of Christian and ministerial brotherhood; and to discuss subjects pertaining to sacred ministry. The officers are E. W. Frisbee, President; Wm. Bailey, Treasurer; and A. C. Hargrave and H. P. Chapman, Executive Committee.

THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes, named in honor of Thomas H. Gallaudet, is now officered by W. H. Weeks, of Hartford, Conn., President; F. W. Bigelow, of Chelsea, Mass., Vice-President; Geo. C. Sawyer, of Lowell, Mass., Secretary; Levi A. Lester, of Providence, R. I., Treasurer. State Managers: Charles Folsom, for Maine; William Bailey, for Massachusetts; Edwin H. French, for New Hampshire; J. T. Keefe, for Vermont; Henry M. Fairman, for Connecticut, and John F. Donnelly, for Rhode Island. It is to meet in 1886.

(DIRECTORY—CONTINUED)

THE NEW JERSEY DEAF-MUTES LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEWARK.

Meets every two week, Thursday evening, at 7:45 sharp, in the Rector Street Chapel, in Rector Street near Park Street. The officers of the Association are: President, Matthew M. Hambay; Vice-President, Alfred H. Bousfield; 2d Vice President, William Ersinger; Treasurer, Peter Kinney; Secretary, Thos. R. Stewart; Sergeant-at-Arms, John P. Cotter. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Thomas R. Stewart, 30 Searing Avenue, East Newark, N. J.

THE SALEM SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Salem Society of Deaf-Mutes is an unsectarian society, organized in Sept. 23, 1874, and occupies a whole building of four rooms, No. 2 rear of Mansfield Block. Divine services, every Sunday, and prayer meeting, every Friday evenings. The members are at liberty to use it at any time (day or evening) in the week for reading, etc. The officers of the Society for 1886 are: William Bailey, President; P. S. Bowden, Secretary; L. L. Chapman, Treasurer, and Hardy P. Chapman and P. W. Packard, Executive Committee. W. K. Bigelow, I. P. Harris, Geo. Pease Trustees.

THE TROY LITERARY SOCIETY.

The society holds its meetings every Saturday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Guild room of St. Paul's Church, cor. 3d and State Streets. Its regular meeting for ladies and gentlemen is every two Saturday evenings. The object is for the moral improvement of its members by lectures, debates and story telling. The officers of the society are William T. Collins, President; Chas. A. Smith, First Vice-President; Harrison Burt, Second Vice-President; James M. Witbeck, Secretary; James C. Ritter, Treasurer, and H. Brown, Sergeant-at-Arms. It also has a Bible Class at the Guild Room every Sunday at 3 o'clock P.M., under the leadership of its Chairman. All the deaf-mutes and strangers in town and its vicinity are invited to drop in at the Bible Class and regular meetings. The Secretary's address is H C Bascom's Shop, cor. River and Hoosic Streets, Troy, N. Y.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA DEAF-MUTE PRAYER MEETING OF PITTSBURGH.

The Deaf-Mute Prayer Meeting meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Young Men's Christian Association, on Sixth Avenue near Wood street. The deaf-mutes also hold Sabbath meetings in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, on 8th street near Duquenna Way St., every Sunday afternoon at two o'clock. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general are cordially invited. All communications relating to the Young Men's Christian Association should be sent to the Committee, H. H. B. McMaster, No. 58 Pride St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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